

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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Art. I. *The Works of Jonathan Edwards, A.M.*; with an Essay on his Genius and Writings, by Henry Rogers; and a Memoir by Sereno E. Dwight, &c. &c. 2 vols. royal 8vo. London, 1834.

THIS Edition of President Edwards's Works does great credit to all the parties concerned in it. Not to speak of the admirable specimen of typography which it affords, it contains several articles never before included in any English edition of the President's works; while the Life, by Sereno E. Dwight, and the Essay, by Mr. H. Rogers, greatly enhance the value of the present edition, and leave little to be either desired or expected by the admirers of Jonathan Edwards. They have here his entire works, published in a beautiful and cheap form, edited with commendable care, and defended against misapprehension by a writer of no ordinary vigour and acuteness.

The eminent metaphysical divine of America was highly deserving of the distinction he has now obtained,—of appearing in a respectable form, accompanied with a full memoir, and the very best exposition and analysis of his principal treatises which, we believe, has hitherto appeared. This edition will no doubt become the standard one in Great Britain. It is unquestionably the best, and is therefore justly entitled to the patronage of divines and philosophers of all classes.

In discharging our duty towards both the public and the parties concerned, we conceive that we shall not be expected to enter into any general estimate of the excellencies and defects of Edwards's writings. We purpose to limit the range of our remarks, in the present article, to the three following peculiarities of the present publication;—the new matter from Edwards's own pen, the Memoir by Mr. Dwight, and the Essay by Mr. Rogers.

Of the additional works introduced in this Edition, we shall speak first. The "Types of the Messiah" is one of these. It was a posthumous and unfinished work of the Author, and was published a short time ago in America by Sereno Dwight. It consists of a sort of running commentary upon various matters of the Old Testament, which have either received a typical aspect by the use made of them in the New Testament, or which could, by analogy, be supposed to have such a reference. There is nothing original or new in Edwards's views of this subject. Upon the whole, he is moderate in his interpretations, though occasionally he appears to us to verge on the fanciful and the visionary. His opinions accord, generally, with those writers who have treated the same subject, both before and since his time. There is a total absence of order and arrangement in this piece, which warrants the opinion, that the Author had simply intended it as a mass of miscellaneous observations upon Types, from which, had he lived, he might have produced a systematic work.

The other principal addition to the Works of Edwards consists of "Notes on the Bible." These have only recently been published in America, and now appear for the first time in England. They occupy 140 of the large, double-columned pages of the present Edition, and are of a miscellaneous character; some critical, some historical, and many of a practical and spiritual character. We cannot speak of them without materially qualifying our commendation. They appear to have been collected from various sources, and are, most probably, the accumulations of the Author's reading through many years. The most valuable that have struck our attention, relate to the evidence collected from the other books of the Bible, of the authorship of the Pentateuch, and from various historical authorities not particularly noted, of the settlements and migrations of the immediate descendants of Noah. These are tolerably full, and assume the form of short dissertations. There are many useful hints scattered through the whole, from which the biblical student may glean valuable information, in a condensed form. We cannot say, however, that, as a whole, they add much to our stock of biblical criticism. This was a department for which Edwards was by no means well qualified, either by his peculiar mental endowments, or by his education. His *forte* was metaphysical reasoning, not philology. After the Notes on the Bible, we have some occasional sermons, to the number of seventeen; all of them specimens of the plain, judicious, and argumentative style which their Author uniformly adopted. To a grave and serious mind, they would prove eminently instructive and edifying; but they possess little of the character of eloquent or moving appeals. They are convincing and impressive, but are addressed to the understanding, not to the affections.

It is a circumstance inexplicable upon any other ground than that of a special Divine influence, that a preacher so uniformly grave, sober, and logical, should have produced such deep and lasting effects upon the minds of his hearers, as did so frequently, and to so great an extent, result from the preaching of Edwards. It is scarcely possible to bring into contrast two preachers of such opposite qualities as Whitfield and Edwards; and yet, the effects produced by Edwards's discourses, were often as great and extensive as any produced by Whitfield. There is also another view in which Jonathan Edwards may be compared with the apostolic Englishman. He gave a religious impulse to his age and to his country, which is yet felt. Whitfield was the instrument of producing a higher tone of religious sentiment and feeling, which, happily for England, has been gradually rising ever since the eminent man that produced it has been called to his reward. To him and his evangelical compeers is to be attributed a marked change in the character and condition of succeeding generations. Edwards, in like manner, though by somewhat different means, was the instrument of giving an impulse to the minds of his countrymen which they have never lost, and of placing evangelical truth in such a light as to exert an attractive and commanding influence over the spirits which were destined to guide and instruct the teeming population of vast districts of the American continent.

'The number of those men,' remarks his Biographer, 'who have produced great and permanent changes in the character and condition of mankind, and stamped their own image on the minds of succeeding generations, is comparatively small; and, even of this small number, the great body have been indebted for their superior efficiency, at least in part, to extraneous circumstances, while very few can ascribe it to the simple strength of their own intellect. Yet, here and there, an individual can be found, who, by his mere mental energy, has changed the course of human thought and feeling, and led mankind onward in that new and better path which he had opened to their view. Such an individual was Jonathan Edwards. Born in an obscure colony, in the midst of a wilderness, and educated at a seminary just commencing its existence; passing the better part of his life as the pastor of a frontier village, and the residue as an Indian Missionary in a still humbler hamlet; he discovered, and unfolded, a system of the Divine moral government, so new, so clear, so full, that while at its first disclosure it needed no aid from its friends, and feared no opposition from its enemies, it has at length constrained a reluctant world to bow in homage to its truth.' *

Though there is a degree of exaggeration in the latter part of this extract, yet it is true in the main. Both in America and in

* Life prefixed to the American edition of his works.

England, Edwards's writings have done important service to the cause of Evangelical truth. Even where they have not produced entire conviction and agreement, they have moderated the views of his opponents, and restrained them from proceeding to extreme opinions on their own side. But we must recall ourselves to the Memoir. It is not possible to present to our readers any abridgement of this very complete and, upon the whole, admirable Life of Jonathan Edwards. It is exceedingly interesting, on account of the insight it affords into his early years, and into the formation of those habits of thought and study which, under his father's care, laid the foundation of that excellence to which he subsequently attained. It is especially curious to observe the metaphysical propensity of his mind in the very first effort of his pen which has been preserved, and probably the very first he ever made.

Some one in the vicinity, probably an older boy than himself, had advanced the opinion, that the soul was material, and remained with the body till the resurrection, and had endeavoured to convince him of its correctness. Struck with the absurdity of the notion, he sat down and wrote the following reply; which, as a specimen both of wit and reasoning in a child of about ten years of age, may fairly claim to be preserved. It is without date, and without pointing or any division into sentences; and has every appearance of having been written by a boy just after he had learned to write.

“ I am informed that you have advanced a notion, that the soul is material, and attends the body till the resurrection. As I am a professed lover of novelty, you must imagine I am very much entertained by the discovery; (which, however old in some parts of the world, is new to us;) but suffer my curiosity a little further. I would know the manner of the kingdom before I swear allegiance. First, I would know whether this material soul keeps with the body in the coffin, and if so, whether it might not be convenient to build a repository for it; in order to which, I would know what shape it is of, whether round, triangular, or four-square; or whether it is a number of long fine strings, reaching from the head to the foot; and whether it does not live a very discontented life. I am afraid, when the coffin gives way, the earth will fall in and crush it; but if it should choose to live above ground, and hover about the grave, how big is it? Whether it covers all the body, what it does when another body is laid upon it: whether the first gives way; and if so, where is the place of retreat? But suppose that souls are not so big but that ten or a dozen of them may be about one body, whether they will not quarrel for the highest place; and, as I insist much upon my honour and property, I would know whether I must quit my dear head, if a superior soul comes in the way; but above all, I am concerned to know what they do, when a burying-place has been filled twenty, thirty, or a hundred times. If they are a-top of one another, the uppermost will be so far off, that it

can take no care of the body. I strongly suspect they must march off every time there comes a new set. I hope there is some other place provided for them but dust. The undergoing so much hardship, and being deprived of the body at last, will make them ill-tempered. I leave it with your physical genius to determine, whether some medicinal applications might not be proper in such cases, and subscribe, —your proselyte, when I can have solution of these matters.”

At thirteen years of age, he entered Yale College, where he made a distinguished figure in all the branches of education to which he applied. At nineteen, he was licensed to preach. His talents and piety excited early attention, and gave promise of the eminence to which he finally rose. During the prosecution of his studies, he entered in his diary a number of admirable *resolutions*, full of wisdom and piety, and to which he paid a strict attention during subsequent years. From these we should be glad to make extracts, but our limits forbid. The whole Memoir is well deserving of the most careful perusal by all engaged in the sacred calling, or preparing for it. The Author has brought together every thing likely to prove interesting to the reader, and has supplied ample materials for reflection. It is altogether a most valuable addition to that class of biographies which impart a silent but salutary excitement to spirits of the purest and highest order, and retain a powerful and constant influence over those who are destined to be the benefactors and exemplars of their respective ages.

One of the most interesting passages in the narrative of Edwards's Life, is that which relates to the revival of religion at Northampton. He was ordained before he was twenty-four, and between seven and eight years afterwards, a deep and general impression prevailed throughout the town, among all classes. Religion became the subject of conversation in every family, and almost in every company. The sole business of the people seemed to be their salvation. Every one sought instruction, and all were inquiring, “What must I do to be saved?” So general and pervading was the excitement, that there was scarcely an individual, either young or old, who did not feel deeply and seriously concerned about the things of the eternal world. This was true, not only of the grave and thoughtful, but also of the gay and the licentious, and the very enemies of religion. The whole population seemed to be under the same common influence, and the work of conversion proceeded in the most astonishing manner. The pious were aroused to a deeper concern for their everlasting welfare, and the irreligious abandoned their pleasures and their gains to seek the grace of repentance. The word of God seemed to come to them with a voice from heaven, which left none careless, none inattentive. The gospel seemed to be the

only joyful sound. Every day increased its power and its triumph. Those who witnessed the state of the town, describe it as full of the presence of God, and like nothing so much as the state of Nineveh when it fell under the threatening of vengeance, and set itself to seek the favour of God by a universal and deep repentance of sin. 'The town', says Mr. Edwards, 'was never so full of love, nor so full of joy, nor yet so full of distress, as it was then.' 'Whenever he met the people in the sanctuary, he not only saw the house crowded, but every hearer earnest to receive the truth of God, and often the whole assembly dissolved in tears: some weeping for sorrow, others for joy, and others for compassion. In the months of March and April, (1735,) when the work of God was carried on with the greatest power, he supposes the number, apparently of genuine conversions, to have been at least four a day, or nearly thirty a week, take one week with another, for five or six weeks together.'

Through the whole of that year, and into the spring of the following, this excitement extended. Numbers of persons from the neighbouring towns, and even to a considerable distance, came to examine the case on the spot, or to place themselves under the ministry which had produced such effects. Many of these were awakened, truly converted, and sent home rejoicing in the love of God. By these means, the sacred fire was spread abroad through many adjacent districts, and even to some places at a remote distance. It is stated on good authority, that not fewer than twenty-seven towns, some of them containing a large population, felt deeply and extensively the influence which had been spread abroad from Northampton, and displayed revivals equally astonishing and cheering. In a single half year, Mr. Edwards numbers about three hundred persons savingly converted. At one communion, about a hundred were received; at another, sixty; and at one period the number of communicants amounted to between six and seven hundred, *including almost the whole adult population of the town.* The chief feature in Mr. Edwards's preaching at this period, which it is important to remark, was, the fallen condition of man, his condemnation by the law, and the duty of immediate repentance. He appears to have insisted much upon the fact, that God is under no manner of obligation to any renewed man; and that such an one 'can challenge nothing, either in absolute justice, or by free promise, on account of any thing he does before he repents and believes.' He was fully convinced that, if he had taught those who came to consult him in their spiritual troubles, any other doctrine, he would have taken the most direct course utterly to undo them. The discourses which, beyond measure more than any others which he preached, 'had an immediate saving effect', were se-

verbal from Rom. iii. 19,—“that every mouth may be stopped”, —in which he endeavoured to shew ‘that it would be just with God, for ever to reject and cast off mere natural men.’

But this pleasing state of things lasted little more than a year. The physical excitement had been too great. There was a small mixture of delusion with the genuine influence: some few brought disgrace upon their profession, and some became increasingly hardened in their impenitence. The chief cause, however, of the decline of this high state of feeling appears to have arisen out of a local controversy about the ordination of a minister. Some of the ministers refused to assist at the settlement of a young man whose principles and conduct they deemed questionable; others, however, were induced to ordain him; and the consequence was, a controversy which withdrew the attention of the people and of the ministers in Hampshire from the revival of religion.

‘A revival of religion’, Mr. S. Dwight remarks, ‘is nothing but the *immediate result* of an uncommon *attention*, on the part of a church and congregation, to the truth of God;—particularly to the great truths which disclose the worth of the soul, and the only way in which it can be saved. Whenever and wherever the members of a church pay the due attention to these truths, by giving them their proper influence on their hearts, religion revives immediately in their affections and their conduct; and when the impenitent pay such attention, the kingdom of heaven immediately “suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” The only effectual way to put a stop to such a work of grace is, therefore, *to divert the attention* of Christians and sinners from those truths which bear immediately on the work of salvation.’

We must pass by the remaining part of this very instructive narrative of Pres. Edwards’s Life, and proceed to notice the “Essay on his Genius and Writings.” Mr. Rogers commences his Essay with an analysis of the peculiar propensity of Edwards’s mind.

‘The character of his mind was essentially logical; the dominant attribute was REASON.—He possessed probably in a greater degree than was ever before vouchsafed to man, the ratiocinative faculty; and in this respect, at least, he well deserves the emphatic admiration which Robert Hall expressed when he somewhat extravagantly said, that Edwards was “the greatest of the sons of men.”

‘Not only was this faculty, as we imagine, originally bestowed in immeasurably greater perfection than any other, and formed the characteristic feature of his intellectual organization; but it was cultivated and disciplined with an assiduity, an incessant, indefatigable diligence, which again doubled the disparity between this and his other powers. His other faculties, inferior though they were by comparison, (of which we shall speak more particularly hereafter,) never reached any thing like the expansion of which they were originally susceptible; they had no room to grow; they were withered and stunted beneath the

gigantic shadow of that intellect which, shooting its roots and spreading its branches in every direction, filled the whole cavity of the soul, and absorbed to itself every particle of nutriment which the soil could supply.

‘ When we say that Jonathan Edwards was preeminently distinguished by his logical powers, we use these words in the strictest sense, as implying a mind peculiarly adapted for deductive reasoning; a mind whose delight it is to draw inferences from known or supposed premises; in other words, which has for its objects the relations between different propositions. The logical process, properly so called, has nothing to do with either the truth or the falsity of the premises, but merely with the connexion between the premises and the conclusion. Thus we speak very intelligibly of reasoning correctly from false premises, and of reasoning falsely from sound premises.—But the precise peculiarities of Edwards’s mind will be better understood, after we have made one or two general observations.

‘ It is obvious, that before the real truth of any proposition can be established, it is necessary both that the premises should be true, and that the conclusion should be logically deduced from them. If either of the above conditions be neglected, it is plain that the results of the whole process will be vitiated. If the premises be false, let the argumentation be ever so unexceptionably conducted, the conclusion will be false; or at all events can only be hypothetically established, that is, on the assumption of the premises; while, if a fallacy has been introduced into the reasoning process, the utmost caution in the establishment of the premises will avail nothing. Thus, it is evident that no conclusion respecting a matter of fact, no conclusion in physical science, using those words in their widest latitude, can be established, unless both the above conditions be strictly complied with.

‘ But it is not so with hypothetical truth; this consists of conclusions deduced from premises, the soundness of which is already admitted, either really or for the sake of argument. Here it is only necessary to ascertain that the argumentative process has been accurately conducted; in other words, that no fallacy lurks between the premises and the conclusion. The stupendous piles of mathematical demonstrations all rest upon this foundation, and require no other. Certain propositions, called definitions, are first laid down, and assented to, and then, all the profound and mazy truths of that enchanting science are evolved by a process as unerring as it is beautiful; all that is required is, simply to compare the propositions which have been already conceded with one another; the conclusions thus arrived at forming new propositions, constituting by fresh comparison among themselves, or with the original propositions, the basis of an interminable series of demonstrations.

‘ In the same manner, elaborated systems of ethics or political economy might be constructed (if hypothetical truth were worth any thing on such subjects) by the concession of a few preliminary principles. It was this fact which led Locke into his splendid and, on first sight, perplexing paradox, that there is no reason why the science of Morals should not be made as strictly demonstrative as that of Mathematics. Of precisely the same stamp are many of the demonstrations of the schoolmen. It is true those writers are often given to the most

frivolous verbal reasoning; yet we also find in them trains of abstract reasoning, displaying the most prodigious subtlety and acuteness. But then they are hypothetical; and therefore generally useless.—Now it is in the purely deductive process, that the peculiar genius of Edwards displays its matchless vigour.

‘ From the above remarks it must be obvious, that though correct premises (that is, premises absolutely true) and correct argumentation are necessary in the establishment of by far the greater part of truths which demand deductive reasoning at all, and correct argumentation in the establishment of any truth so established, yet that the two parts of this great process,—the investigation and establishment of premises, and a logical use of them, are so different, that it by no means follows that a mind most eminently adapted to the one shall be equally fitted for the other. It is true, indeed, that we find the qualities of mind necessary to both, generally conjoined in the same individuals, though it may be in very different proportions. When possessed together, in any considerable degree, they constitute conjointly the highest order of philosophic genius. Still they are not necessarily united; so far from it, that we sometimes see them almost totally dissevered; possessed singly by different individuals in great perfection; and if possessed in the same degree of strength by the same individual, would have made a philosopher of the very first class. In one man we may perceive much argumentative acuteness where the premises are not very numerous or complicated, but very inferior powers of observation, and scarcely any memory for facts; in another, acute observation and a retentive memory, but an utter incapacity for the higher exercises of intellect. Such a man holds not his multifarious and curious knowledge together by any of those grand and comprehensive relations, which it is the chief delight of a philosophic mind to discover and to contemplate. The facts which crowd the capacious memory of such a mutilated intellect resemble the rarities in an ill-arranged museum, before science has attempted her classifications. The principal use of such mere pioneers in philosophy, is to supply to minds of a superior order the materials for profounder speculation. We admit, however, that in the generality of instances, the habits of mind of which we have spoken are associated, at least in some degree, though they are found in very unequal proportions; proportions so unequal, that the preponderance of the one rather than of the other shall almost uniformly give the character to the mind. To this representation the use of common language precisely corresponds. Minds which are distinguished by that calm, enlarged, and far-sighted spirit of induction, which traverses the whole circle of a question, and views it in all its relations before it presumes to reason upon them, we designate comprehensive, however acute they may be; while those which are pre-eminently distinguished by subtilty of argument, we call acute, whatever their comprehensiveness. Those prodigies of intellect, Bacon, Butler, and Barrow, (acute as they were,) belong rather to the former class than to the latter. Descartes, Locke, and JONATHAN EDWARDS, (comprehensive as they were,) belong rather to the latter class than to the former.’ pp. ii—iv.

The distinction here laid down is undoubtedly just, and the application of it perfectly fair. Grant Edwards his premises, and it is no easy matter to refuse assent to his conclusion; and this, not because the progress of his reasoning deprives of the power of objection, by its obscurity or its vastness, as in the steps of the celebrated demonstration of Dr. Clarke, but because we see at each stage, most distinctly, that the author has made clear every step of his way, and entitled himself to every inch of the ground he claims. Against Clarke, it is difficult to form an objection; but this is because his very propositions and words are unwieldy, and the ideas conveyed by them are either too subtle or too vast. They belong to a region and a nature so foreign to our own, that it is difficult either to affirm or deny anything concerning them. Even those who think they understand the author, and have followed him through the whole train of his argument, begin, on second thoughts, to doubt whether they have perceived the nice fittings and subtle links of his reasoning. But the case is widely different with Edwards. He forces conviction to attend him. He makes his attentive reader feel not only that *it is so*, but that it cannot possibly be otherwise, and that every attempt to force the mind to an opposite conclusion involves it in absurdity.

Mr. Rogers meets the objection alleged against Edwards's reasoning, with the view of neutralizing it, that, though his chains of reasoning be riveted with adamant, they are worthless, because hypothetical; 'that is, because they depend upon the admission of the premises; since, as we have already said, Edwards's premises are for the most part so few and so simple, that though his opponents are often hardy enough to question the solidity of his reasoning, they rarely dare to dispute the soundness of his preliminary propositions.' 'So far as we know, there are no trains of reasoning, out of the exact sciences, at all to be compared with many of those of Jonathan Edwards, in originality, continuity, and accuracy.' The Author admits, that the propensity of Edwards's mind to pursue its logical deductions from the merest filaments of abstract truth, led him, on some occasions, and in some departments, to overlook the requisite process of induction; but he insists, that this was chiefly in matters of physical science, where he proved himself but a sorry philosopher. In fact, Edwards's mind was evidently formed upon the better class of the schoolmen, rather than among the disciples of the Baconian philosophy.

Notwithstanding this propensity to construct theories, which, in physics, is the most useless and injurious of qualities, and which most effectually vitiated all Edwards's speculations upon the material world; yet, our Essayist insists, in his theologico-

metaphysical reasonings, he is not only clear and forcible, but his reasoning, being built on the most solid foundations, and proceeding from the most unquestionable principles, cannot be impeached, and never has been invalidated. Mr. Rogers supplies some striking illustrations of Edwards's incapacity for inductive philosophizing, in some short articles which he wrote upon matters of natural philosophy.

‘In those papers we cannot fail to observe how ill adapted was the mind of Edwards for those extensive exercises of induction, that long and patient investigation of facts, that laborious collection of the mere materials and elements of reasoning before the process of reasoning and generalization begins, which are so absolutely necessary in every department of physical science ; without which, indeed, the profoundest reasonings, being purely hypothetical, must always, on such subjects, be worthless. As though not only conscious where his real power lay, but irresistibly impelled to exercise it, we find him perpetually escaping from the field of experiment and fact ; taking his premises for granted, and consequently reasoning absurdly from them : or else, as if aware of the insecure ground on which he trod when he attempted the induction of facts, and impatient to begin his favourite exercise of purely logical illation, he is continually retreating to those obscurest of almost all subjects, the metaphysics (if we may so speak) of natural philosophy ; to discussions on the elementary structure of matter, the forms of atoms, their laws of action, the *genesis* of motion, and the original principles of nature. Of the astounding assurance with which he could take facts for granted, and then dogmatize upon them, the following extracts may suffice as a specimen : we have selected them, first, because they are short ; and, secondly, because they so exactly illustrate the sentiment we have expressed.’ p. v.

There is no occasion to quote these specimens : they display the remarkable similarity of the mind of Edwards to that of Descartes, in his hasty assumption of principles, and his propensity to acute and metaphysical reasoning. We perfectly agree with Mr. Rogers, that Edwards could not have been a successful philosopher in physics. Nothing could have suppressed his ratiocinative propensity. His mind was doubtless acute and observant in a high degree, but these properties were overbalanced by his dialectical passion. All the vigour of his mind ran out into reasoning, and we believe he never would have made a calm and patient disciple of the inductive philosophy. But the main question is, whether this defect, which appeared in all his attempts at reasoning on physical subjects, had any vitiating influence upon his metaphysical theorizing ;—or whether the simplicity, clearness, and indubitableness of his premises, do not, in these cases, place his reasonings on as firm a ground as the axioms of the mathematician, and make his conclusions as secure and unquestionable. Mr. Rogers thinks, that undeserved suspicion has been thrown

upon the conclusiveness of Edwards's reasoning, not by denying the soundness of the links, or the strength of the materials, but by charging his premises and principles with being hypothetical. This charge, Mr. Rogers examines with considerable ability; and as we are ourselves in some degree implicated in the opinions of the eminent writer to whom he alludes, (inasmuch as we have expressed, on a former occasion *, our general approval of the criticism contained in the essay preliminary to a recent edition of Edwards on the Will, by the Author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm,) we cannot refuse to Mr. R. an opportunity of vindicating Edwards, whatever risk we may run of leading some of our readers to question the infallibility of our opinions. They shall at least be put into a condition to judge for themselves.

'There are', Mr. Rogers remarks, 'three distinct orders of truths: some (and they form immensely the larger class) consisting of facts derived from the senses, and which are gathered from observation and experiment; some relating to the operations of mind, and these are gained by consciousness and reflection; while others are elicited purely by processes of deductive reasoning, from a comparison of any propositions between which any mutual relations can subsist at all. Now, any man has a right to take any number of such propositions, and reason by inference from them; and if the purely ratiocinative process from such propositions be correct, the reasoning will always be, at least, hypothetically true; that is, if you admit the premises, you must also admit the conclusion. But if the premises be *in fact* true, the argumentation will also be *in fact* as well as *hypothetically* true. Its *practical* worth will therefore be measured by the *actual* truth of the premises. All that was requisite, therefore, to enable Edwards to give full scope to his peculiar powers, was, that he should select topics in which the propositions preliminary to reasoning should be exceedingly few, simple, and for the most part, obvious; and this, we affirm, he has *generally* accomplished. Thus his reasoning is seldom vitiated by any unsoundness in the premises; and as to any flaw in the *logical* process, let not his opponents hope for it. The movements of machinery are hardly more unerring, than the precision with which—when he has once laid down the propositions which constitute his premises—he proceeds to unfold their relations.' p. viii.

Further on, he enters more fully into the criticisms of the "Essayist." First, he meets what has been alleged as to the inutility of Edwards's speculations; but, as this is an unimportant matter, compared with the validity of his reasonings, we shall pass it by, to notice what Mr. R. has alleged against the objections of the "Essayist", touching the defects and the errors of the argumentation.

* See Eclectic Review, Oct. 1831, Art. I.

‘But we must now proceed, as we proposed, to consider those defects in the argumentation of this great work, which the Essayist to whom we have so often referred, professes to discover. In the “Introduction” to his Essay, he sums up what he deems the principal defects of Edwards in the vague charge, a charge which we shall consider more particularly hereafter,—that he “mingles purely abstract propositions—propositions strictly metaphysical, with facts belonging to the physiology of the human mind.” This, the author affirms, is “fatal to the consistency of a philosophical theory ;” “that the reader will be conscious of a vague dissatisfaction, or latent suspicion that some fallacy has passed into the train of reasoning, though the linking of syllogisms seems perfect.” Since these charges are of so grave a nature, since, if they really exist, these errors must run through the whole tissue of Edwards’s argumentation, and reduce it to dust, one would expect that the *meaning* of the Essayist would have been most copiously and perspicuously explained,—that every particular instance in which such worthless materials had been wrought into the woof of argument, would have been pointed out, and the feeble character of the texture demonstrated by just breaking up, as our author could easily have done, the sophisms which Jonathan Edwards has constructed out of such incongruous premises. Yet, strange to say, he has ventured upon no such specification ; he seems to think it not too great a demand upon our credulity, that we should believe on his mere assurance, and in reference to such a work as the “Inquiry,” that it is possible to point out such “errors of method,” as in fact vitiate nearly the whole of the reasoning !

‘The only attempt which, so far as we can find, he makes to illustrate and to substantiate his formidable charges, is in his fourth “section,” (in which he considers the question of necessity as one “of the physiology of man,”) and in a note or two appended to that part of his performance. We do not hesitate to say, that if the charge there adduced be a fair specimen of those other instances of defective logic, which he has concealed with such cautious mystery, the “Inquiry” may still be regarded as the same irrefragable piece of reasoning which the world has always considered it. In our opinion, his attempt is a signal failure. For what is his objection to Edwards in the passages to which we refer ? Why, that he has not entered sufficiently into the physiological conditions of volition in different classes of voluntary agents, or the same agents at different times ; he blames him that he has not taken into account the infinite diversity of circumstances, the endlessly varying degrees and limits within which the voluntary principle may be exercised amongst different classes of voluntary agents, from the lowest animals to the highest orders of created intelligence ; or in the same voluntary agents at different periods of their existence, and possessed of varying measures of knowledge and experience. With all this, the question of the moral necessity of *all* volitions had nothing whatever to do. It is true, indeed, that owing to the causes the Essayist has specified, the processes of volition are endlessly complicated and varied ; and in order to supply Edwards’s imagined deficiencies, he has illustrated his meaning with much vivacity, but with a somewhat tedious amplification, by a reference to

the processes of volition in different classes of voluntary agents. Now all this is obviously quite foreign to the subject ; it has no connexion with the only aspects in which it concerned Jonathan Edwards to consider the question. Edwards's object was to consider volitions in *that* point in which they *all* resembled one another,—namely, as originating in *motives* of some kind or other ; no matter how those motives may vary in number and complexity in different orders of voluntary agents, or in the same agents at different periods. His design did not require that he should consider the *number* of causes which in particular cases control volition, but whether volition is not always *caused*. Yet the Essayist, *assuming*, apparently, that Edwards ought to have done this, and that his argument is defective because it touches no inquiries of such a nature, is amusingly copious in instances of *supposed* similar errors in reasonings on some of the mechanical arts. In these instances, the abstract principles of mathematics are imagined to be rigorously applied to a variety of complicated problems, that can be decided only by a cautious and extensive induction of facts in several departments of science.' pp. xxxvi—xxxvii.

We are under the necessity of omitting the illustration by the Author of the "Natural History", and Mr. Rogers's reply. The latter endeavours to shew, that Edwards has not fallen into the error alleged against him ; and that he has done all, with regard to volition in general, that was required for the sake of his argument, viz., to shew that it originated in motive. Edwards reasons, that all volitions, however simple, or however complex, are not uncaused ; a fact which the Essayist does not deny.

'How then,' Mr. R. continues, 'is his logic impaired by his not entering into the physiological conditions of volition in different classes of voluntary agents? Had he attempted anything of this kind, we quite concur with the Essayist, in thinking that he would have failed ; and for reasons which we have already abundantly specified in the analysis we have given of Edwards's mind. With his characteristic judgment he has, it appears to us, just confined his argument within those limits which were exactly adapted to the structure of his intellect. And to have gone further would have been not only entering upon a field for which we cannot but think he was not well qualified, but quite alien from the controversy in which he was engaged.'

The Essayist's chief objection against Edwards's reasoning is, that metaphysical propositions are mingled with physiological facts. But Mr. Rogers contends that, in itself, this implies no error, and indicates no fallacy. It is true, there *may* be fallacy in such a mixture of fact and reasoning ; but it by no means follows as a necessary result, that there must be such fallacy. He thinks, that the Author of the Essay should have made it his business to point out the fallacies, and not have urged a grave and general charge of merely mingling metaphysical reasoning with physiological facts ; which, in itself, is no act of logical

delinquency, but is done, and must be done, by every analyst of the mental phenomena.

The Essayist remarks :

“The attentive reader of Edwards will detect a confusion of another sort, less palpable indeed, but of not less fatal consequence to the consistency of a philosophical argument; and which, though sanctioned by the highest authorities, in all times, and recommended by the example of the most eminent writers, even to the present moment, must, so long as it is adhered to, hold intellectual philosophy far in the rear of the physical and mathematical sciences. For the present, it is enough just to point out the error of method alluded to, remitting the further consideration of it to a subsequent page.

“It is that of mingling purely abstract propositions—propositions strictly *metaphysical*, with facts belonging to the physiology of the human mind. Even the reader who is scarcely at all familiar with abstruse science, will, if he follow our author attentively, be perpetually conscious of a vague dissatisfaction, or latent suspicion, that some fallacy has passed into the train of propositions, although the linking of syllogisms seems perfect. This suspicion will increase in strength as he proceeds, and will at length condense itself into the form of a protest against certain conclusions, notwithstanding their apparently necessary connexion with the premises.”

Upon this, Mr. Rogers offers the following strictures :

‘That we may know what value our author attaches to these “abstractions,” and what value those reasonings must have which are founded on them in reference to a *question of fact*, like this of the freedom of the will, the Essayist gives us to understand, that they stand parallel with “the abstractions of pure mathematics;” “that it may be said of both, that the human mind masters them, comprehends and perceives their properties and relations, and feels that the materials of its cogitation all lie within its grasp, are opposed to its inspection, and need not be gathered from observation.” “These abstractions,” he tells us, may be made “to pass through the process of *sylogistic reasoning*,”—as though all other propositions, of any nature whatsoever, that are capable of being made to yield logical inferences from their comparison with one another, were not capable of being made to pass through that process too; or as though the structure of the syllogism depended on the *kind* of propositions which constitute the premises, instead of the connexion between the premises and the conclusion.

‘Now if Edwards has employed such abstractions as our Essayist here mentions, we should be glad if he would particularize them. It is incredible how much trouble may be saved by a little specification. This, however, he has not even attempted; he has not given us a *single instance* of those “abstractions,” of which the author predicates so close an analogy to the definitions of pure mathematics. The simple fact is, there were none to give.

‘In truth, if Edwards had employed any *such* “abstractions” as those the Essayist describes, (just as one might employ any conceiv-

able propositions on any subject for the mere purpose of logical illation, *modestly assuming* that those preliminary "abstractions" are to be taken for granted,) he would have done a very absurd thing: however consecutive his argumentation might be, it would have been utterly worthless, because *purely* hypothetical; depending upon a concession of the premises, and those, too, "abstractions." So far from its being true, as the Essayist appears to imagine, that the treatise on the "Will" would have been more complete, "more philosophically consistent," if such *abstractions*, instead of being "mingled with facts belonging to the physiology of the human mind," had been adhered to throughout, they would have crumbled the whole stupendous structure of argumentation into dust.

'Abstractions, in this sense, Edwards never uses. The words "abstract truths" may be taken in two senses. They may mean, propositions *purely hypothetical*, or propositions which, though they *would* be true if the universe were annihilated, and are, therefore, called *abstract*, are not the *less* applicable on that account (but rather the more so) to actual existence. Thus, for example, when Edwards maintains the proposition, that every "effect must have a cause," he maintains what we suppose our Essayist would call an abstract proposition: it is so, because as soon as the mind has once comprehended the ideas of cause and effect, it perceives that it would be a contradiction to imagine such a proposition untrue, and that it would not be the less true were the universe annihilated. But *this universality of application* does not render the principle inapplicable to the universe as it is *actually* constituted, but rather the reverse.

'Thus, *abstractions* of this nature *may* be employed in questions of *fact*, and in conjunction with propositions asserting facts belonging to the physiology of the human mind, without any sort of impropriety; and for this simple reason, that they are employed not as *purely hypothetical* propositions, but for the very purpose of being applied, and because they *are* applicable, to actual existences. It is just so, in the case of that abstract truth to which we just now referred.

'For precisely the same reasons, the abstractions of mathematics are capable of application to actual existence, and enter so largely into the reasonings of the mixed sciences.

'The abstract propositions which Edwards brings forward, are so far from being *merely* hypothetically true, that they are actually true, and indeed are only called *abstract* propositions because it is supposed to imply a contradiction that they should be *untrue*.

'We may illustrate this by a reference to Edwards's great maxim, that every "effect must have a cause." This is supposed to be true as a *matter of fact*; and to be rendered available to his purpose, only because *it is such*. If only admitted to be *hypothetically* true, all the demonstrations founded upon it, being hypothetical too, would to any practical purpose be worthless. But so far from this, it is only affirmed to be an abstract proposition at all, because, in distinction from ordinary matters of fact, it would be a *contradiction* to suppose the contrary. If the universe were annihilated, it would still be true, that every effect, whether actually existent or possible, must presuppose a cause. But it is for the express purpose of applying it to

actual effects, (and of course it embraces these, since it embraces every possible effect,) that it is employed by Edwards. It would be true in mathematics, that every circle must possess certain properties, though no circle were in existence; yet it would be strange to imagine, that we could not reason from such a definition to any *actually existent* circle, when we have already admitted that it applies to every *possible* circle. It is as a *fact*, that Edwards submits his great postulate to his opponents; a fact which, if they deny, they must deny at the peril of being driven to concessions far more appalling than the admission of the doctrine of philosophical necessity. Now such propositions, being intended to apply to actual existence, and not merely affirmed to be *hypothetically* true, (although they *are* hypothetically true,) may certainly be conjoined with propositions respecting mere matter of fact, (as for instance facts connected with the physiology of the mind,) and the deductive processes of reasonings founded on such propositions, be in no degree vitiated by such conjunction.

'This charge of unsound reasoning, therefore, cannot for a moment be sustained by the mere fact, which is all upon which the Essayist has thought proper to rest it; that Edwards employs "abstract propositions," and "facts connected with the physiology of the mind," as conjoint elements of his ratiocination. This charge cannot be sustained, because Edwards never employs any "abstract principles," in the absurd way the Essayist imputes to him, but always with a reference to actual existences. By saying, therefore, that there is such a conjunction of different propositions, (which is all he *does* say,) the Essayist proves no reasoning of Edwards's to be unsound: his duty clearly was, to have pointed out the particular instances in which such propositions are fallaciously conjoined.' pp. xxxviii—xxxix.

We have now laid before our readers, as impartially as we could, the whole case between the Author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm", in his Introductory Essay to the Freedom of the Will, and the Writer of the present Essay on the Genius and Writings of Edwards. It will not be expected that we should pronounce a judgement, for the reason already assigned. But we are quite sure that those readers who take an interest in such discussions, will be not a little pleased with the acute and chivalrous effort made by the Author of the present Essay to rescue the logical reputation of Edwards from the hand of a writer who has attained no mean eminence with the better informed and better disciplined of the reading public. We must be allowed, however, to express our surprise and regret that Mr. Rogers should have been betrayed into the occasional use of certain phrases which savour of contempt and scorn,—feelings neither justifiable nor creditable in reference to an author of so high and well-earned a celebrity: we mean such as the following, 'elaborate obscurity', 'rabid fury', 'absurdity', &c. These phrases, however, we are happy to say, are exceptions to the ordinary phraseology of the Author, which is not other than fair and respectful. They no doubt escaped his pen in the haste and

heat of composition, and subsequently eluded that revision to which they ought to have been subjected.

Having now endeavoured to discharge the more delicate part of our duty, in respect to that portion of Mr. Rogers's Essay in which he appears to be at issue both with ourselves and with the Author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm", it only remains for us to say, that his further remarks upon the writings of Edwards are highly valuable. We could wish that those upon Edwards's Dissertation on the Nature of Virtue had been considerably extended. Right views upon that subject are, we hope, beginning to prevail; but it is encumbered with much confusion and verbiage, and greatly requires the vigour and distinctness of our ablest metaphysicians and divines to place it in a just and clear light. Upon the whole, Mr. R. has done admirably; and the value of this edition of Edwards's works is considerably enhanced by his Essay.

Art. II. *An Essay towards an Easy and Useful System of Logic.*
By Robert Blakey. 12mo. pp. 170. London, 1834.

THERE is a perverseness in human nature which is ever leading it to extremes of error. When men once become prejudiced against each other's views and systems, there is no distance, within the given limits, to which they may not be found receding. Of this there are abundant examples in all those branches of human inquiry which have admitted the possibility of difference in opinion. Natural philosophy, medicine, chemistry, and, occasionally, even pure mathematics, have exhibited these repellent qualities; but they have found the widest range in theology, morals, politics, and the whole philosophy of human nature. Witness Pelagianism, and Supra-lapsarian Calvinism; the self-determining power of the Libertarians, and the fatalism of the most exclusive school of the high Necessarians; despotic toryism, and destructive radicalism; the pride of ecclesiastical domination that towered above the thrones of princes, demanding their servile homage, and the low democracy that would pronounce a Christian minister the mere chairman of the Church, with no vote, and no utterance of his own. *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult evitare Charybdim.*

Philosophy was anciently divided into Logic, Ethics, and Physics. Among these, logic had the precedence, being regarded as the grand instrument of all science. Indeed, nothing could exceed the estimation in which it was held, till the revival of learning introduced an entire revolution among the various branches of human knowledge. During the middle ages, the youthful aspirant after learning had no sooner entered the schools,

than he was taught to gird on the dialectic armour, and to be prepared, like the hero of Cervantes, to attack, indiscriminately, whatever opponent he might encounter. Victory, rather than truth, was the goal after which these logical knight-errants panted, with all the eagerness of the Roman charioteer. They went about from place to place, in quest of new fields on which to display their prowess: they challenged *every* body, on *any* subject, and on *either* side of the question. The celebrated controversy between the Nominalists and the Realists, was often carried on with so much violence as to interfere with the public peace. The Nominalist contended that there is nothing general but names, while the Realist maintained that the names of genera and species had real archetypes, distinct from all the individuals of the class. Both parties were undoubtedly wrong, as each overlooked the fact, that we give names to our ideas of the relations which objects bear to each other. To us, however, it appears ridiculous enough, that such a question should give rise to conflicts more serious than a mere war of words. Ludovicus Vives thus speaks of these disputes: 'I have seen the combatants, after having exhausted their stock of verbal abuse, proceed to blows; nor was it uncommon, in these quarrels about metaphysical terms and ideas, which neither party understood, to witness the combatants first employing their fists, then their clubs, and finally their swords; by which many were wounded and some killed.'

Of these 'seraphic,' 'redoubtable,' 'perspicuous,' and certainly 'most resolute' doctors, (so were they styled by their admiring disciples,) the chief instrument was Logic; until, being found, as seems often to have been the case, of too ethereal a nature to make a downright impression on flesh and blood, the more substantial and corporal weapons above alluded to were seized in its room. No epithet of eulogy, no extravagance of praise was accounted too expressive to be bestowed on this universal engine of learning, this great Dagon of all the schools. The syllogism was said to be 'the noblest and most useful invention ever produced by man; the universal organ of science; the eye of intellect; and, like the sun, the light of the world.' One eulogist of the dialectic art was not content to compare it with the orb of day; he strenuously asserted its superiority to that glorious luminary!

*'Utque supra Æthereos Sol aureus emicat ignes,
Sic inter artes prominet hæc Logica:
Quid? Logica superat Solem; Sol namque diurno
Tempore dat lucem, nocte sed hancce negat.
At Logicæ Sidus nunquam occidit; istud in ipsis
Tum tenebris splendet, quam redeunte die.'*

The utmost exaggerations of prose, as well as the figures of

poetry, seem to have been exhausted, in order to dignify and recommend this grand and absorbing pursuit of the middle ages. It was said to be, '*ars artium, scientia scientiarum, organum organorum, instrumentum instrumentorum, ancilla, clavis, testa, murus philosophicæ, docendi discendique magistra, veri falsique disceptatrix et judex.*' Aristotle, the great patron of Dialectics, was extolled in language the most extravagant that was ever lavished on mortal man. Father Pardies avowed, '*Que si, dans sa physique, il a parlé en homme, dans sa morale il a parlé en Dieu; qu'il y a sujet de douter si, dans ses morales, il tient plus du jurisconsulte que du prêtre; plus du prêtre, que du prophète; plus du prophète que de Dieu!*' And Averrois seriously informs us, that 'Nature was not altogether complete till Aristotle was born'; and that in him 'she received the finishing stroke, and could advance no further'!!

Many of the subjects that formed the materials on which the art of logic was exercised, were as extraordinary as the praises that were so freely bestowed on the science itself, and on its teachers and masters. It was gravely disputed, '*whether angels could see in the dark*'; '*whether they could pass from one place to another without passing through the intermediate space*'; '*how many angels could hang on the point of a needle*'; not to mention a variety of other theses equally learned and edifying.

It is no wonder that the deserved ridicule which an improved state of human knowledge, and a more accurate estimate of the limits of human inquiry, poured upon these absurd and useless vagaries, should, by a re-action not uncommon in the operations of the mind, be somewhat hastily transferred to every thing connected with them; and that the abuse of the syllogistic art should at once become identified with its very existence. Laborious thought and close discrimination are not palatable occupations to the multitude, even of writers on philosophy; and it is a far easier task to sweep away a profound and intricate system, at one blow, along with the rubbish that had for ages incrustated and pervaded it, than to engage in the pains-taking, and sometimes not very popular, labour of separating the precious from the vile.

Many of the modern decriers of Logic have evidently attached exceedingly vague notions even to the meaning of the term. It has usually been confounded with the general philosophy of the human mind, and has been supposed to lay a kind of claim to the whole domain of the mental faculties. Logic, however, is, in strictness, but one branch of the philosophy of mind, and has an immediate and exclusive reference to the process of reasoning. It is nothing more nor less than the analysis of nature,—an in-

vestigation of what really takes place in every instance of correct ratiocination. As an art, it furnishes rules to which all correct reasoning may be ultimately reduced. The idea which is entertained by some writers, that there are essentially different kinds of reasoning, is absurd. The only difference is in the topics: in the connection between the premises and the conclusion, there is none. The process is precisely the same, whether the materials of the reasoning be mathematical, or theological, or physiological, or of any other kind. To suppose that logical reasoning differs from other reasoning, is a vulgar error. The rudest peasant may reason logically without knowing it, and always does so when he reasons correctly; just as he must speak according to the rules of grammar, when he speaks correctly, though he may never have formally learned the English tongue. To say that logic is futile, is to say that nature is futile, for it is the analysis of the process of nature, of which mind and its attributes are a part. To say that it is useless, is to say that the investigation of truth is useless; and to say that men may and often do reason well without logic, and therefore that it does not require to be studied, is the same thing as saying, that men may and do sometimes speak well without having learned grammar and studied composition.

Whoever wishes to see the whole question relating to the nature and claims of Logic, its use and abuse, the arguments of its impugnors, and its practical bearing, fully discussed, will do well to peruse carefully the excellent work of Archbishop Whately, which has just reached the fifth edition. Not that we mean to attach our unqualified assent to every part of that meritorious production. We think Dr. Whately has succeeded less on "Terms and Propositions" than on other subjects. In his account of the "Predicables," he has deviated from the most celebrated treatises on the Aristotelian logic, and we cannot felicitate him on the alteration. Our remarks apply chiefly to the last three predicables, *differentia*, *proprium*, and *accidens*, of which we think a much clearer and more consistent account may be found in *Du Trieu*, *Crackanthorp*, *Bugerdicius*, and others, than is given by Dr. Whately. His book, however, as a whole, is excellent. His "Analytical Outline" of the science, contained in the former part of his volume, clearly upholds the universal element of all reasoning, denominated by Aristotle, *το κατὰ παντός η̄ μηδενός κατηγορεῖσθαι*, and is a very happy attempt to facilitate the learner's progress, by pointing out to him in what manner the system must have arisen in the mind of its author, thus preparing the learner for the synthetical compendium which follows. The remaining parts of Whately's book are equally deserving of attention.

But we must now address ourselves to Mr. Blakey's book,

which, we must say, appears to us to be a very vague production, and to have totally failed of setting the subject in its true light. Throughout his volume, there is a great want of *analysis*: indeed, he seems rather to condemn it, as is sufficiently evident from the following extract.

‘No man appears more unfit for argumentative discussion on the common and every-day topics which engage the attention of men of the world, than the profound thinker, or the man of mental abstraction; and this is perfectly agreeable to the nature of things: for a man who is daily and hourly observing the fleeting objects of his own consciousness, and whose sole pleasure it is to be conversant with those evanescent shades of difference which subsist between the various powers and faculties of his own mind,—becomes unfit, by reason of the constant use of subtle and minute detail, to grasp, upon the spur of the moment, the great and leading features of any interesting question, or to make a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of others by a powerful display of argumentative skill. His power of mental analysis is too refined for objects of a formidable and gigantic nature; and when he comes out into common life to measure his strength with the rustic minds around him, he too often finds, to his great mortification, that he is worsted and driven from the field by the athletic vigour of those who know nothing but what nature has taught them, about the abstract nature of mind, or the recondite rules of mental philosophy.’ pp. 6, 7.

Now we are quite ready to acknowledge, that an *exclusive* attention to any one subject may, and often does, unfit a man for the investigation of others; but, as Logic, if it be any thing, is a ‘recondite’ and accurate analysis of the phenomena of nature, and a classification of those phenomena by technical rules, it does not augur well for the expounder of it, to begin by throwing any disparagement on that habit of close analysis, to which modern writers on various departments of human nature owe the chief part of their excellence.

Mr. Blakey, so far from viewing Logic as essentially consisting in the analysis of that mental process which takes place in every instance of conclusive reasoning, excludes, at once, half the empire of human knowledge from all connection with it. We have always been led to regard the reasoning employed in mathematics, as the purest specimen of logic, in consequence of the rigid uniformity of the terms employed. Physics, as involving the application of mathematics to ascertained facts in nature, with the view of deducing further conclusions, stand next, perhaps, in perfection of example. But pure mathematics are the most rigid logic. Euclid's *Elements* are nothing else than chains of virtual syllogisms; and the study of that celebrated ancient geometer, is frequently recommended for its own sake, as tending to strengthen the understanding, and fortify the reasoning powers. But

why is it calculated to answer this purpose? Precisely from its logical form, and its approximation to the ultimate principle to which all reasoning may be reduced. According to Mr. Blakey, however, there is no logic whatever in mathematics and natural philosophy; which is nearly the same as it would be to assert, that there is no accordance with the rules of grammar and composition in our finest writers; or that, in the most admired pieces of Handel, Beethoven, and Mozart, there is no latent correspondence with the fundamental principles of the science of music.

'Now it appears to me,' he says, 'that the art of logic is confined by its very nature to subjects connected with human nature; or perhaps, to speak more plainly, to the following four branches of knowledge, namely, mental philosophy, moral philosophy, the science of politics in its widest sense, including jurisprudence, and the art of government; and also religion, both natural and revealed.'

'These four branches of knowledge really contain every thing to which the science of logic can be applied. For it must be observed here, that these divisions include every thing of a debateable or argumentative nature. They give rise of themselves to discussion; their general principles are all liable to be received in different lights, and from this cause men are led to entertain very contrary, nay, opposite opinions on some of those important and vitally interesting topics.'

'On account of the disputable nature of these branches of knowledge, we need the assistance of some rules to enable us to come to a certain conclusion regarding their truth, and also to be able to convey that knowledge, in as easy and familiar a manner as possible, to others. We call these rules by the name of logic; and we require to have them collected together, and applied to the four divisions of knowledge alluded to, for the purpose of being better acquainted with them, to see on which side the truth lies, and to have fixed in our minds certain general and particular ideas relative to the several constituent parts. We are to bear in mind that we want these rules, not for helping us, if that were possible, to see the truth of a demonstration, the contrary of which we cannot conceive; but to guide our minds in those departments of knowledge, where opposite facts, and opposite arguments, clash against each other, and where the mind may become perplexed and confused, by the weighing and consideration of such conflicting materials as are submitted to its contemplation. It is for this purpose that the art of logic is wanted.' pp. 17, 18.

In short, the Author appears to us to have mistaken the whole nature and drift of the syllogism, which, we repeat, is simply the analysis of the process of nature in all sound arguments, an exhibition of what virtually takes place in every instance of correct reasoning. This is the basis of the system of Logic, which, as we have received it from the Aristotelians, consists partly of certain technical letters, words, and forms, with a view to facilitate a knowledge of the various ways in which arguments may be stated; to shew how they may be reduced to one universal principle, and to

detect the various kinds of fallacies. The want of acquaintance that is frequently betrayed with the real pretensions of the system of logic, considered in itself, apart from the extravagancies of its application, and the vague manner in which it is defined, lead us to imagine that the Author has neglected the fountain-heads of information, and has contented himself too much with those lax, erroneous, and unfair representations which he has obtained, at second-hand, from some of his fellow-countrymen in the north, where it has been the fashion to cry down logic for the last fifty years. The tendency, however, to despise the philosophy of the ancients, *en masse*, and to sweep it away bodily with the ideal theory that so deeply infected it, is now almost worn out; and if we mistake not, a re-action will be more and more manifest among those who look deeper than the mere surface of things, in favour of some of those remnants of ancient genius, among which even Dugald Stewart acknowledges that the Grecian logic holds a proud pre-eminence.

Mr. B.'s work contains a variety of remarks, many of them very useful, on topics connected with the more general philosophy of mind, as on the nature of mathematical evidence, on morals, on political philosophy, religion; on analogy, probable evidence, testimony, &c.; and it has the merit of being every where good in its moral and religious tendency.

Art. III. *Travels into Bohhara*, being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary, and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus from the Sea to Lahore, with Presents from the King of Great Britain; performed under the Orders of the Supreme Government of India in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833. By Lieut. Alex Burnes, F.R.S., of the E. I. Comp. Service, &c. In three Volumes, 8vo. Plates. London, 1834.

THESE Travels are of no ordinary interest. They describe regions hitherto unexplored by Europeans, at least in modern times, although familiarized to the imagination by the recitals of classic history and the florid descriptions of oriental romance. One of the most ancient lines of commerce between the extreme East and the western world lay through Khorasan and Transoxiana, the Iran and Tooran of Persian writers. Bactra, the 'mother of cities', the capital of dynasties whose history stretches back into the age of fable, the sacred city of the Magian idolatry, owed its origin and wealth to its position on this line of trade, which made it the great rendezvous of the caravans that penetrated by the route of the Caspian Gates to Sogdiana, the country of the *Indi*, and the more distant Serica. Samarcand, the capital of Timour, and Bokhara, 'the strength of Islam', have in more

recent times, risen to splendour from the same causes; and from being the emporia of trade, have become the seats of empire. Every where the caravanserai is older than the palace; and kings have built their power on the wealth of the merchant.

Other circumstances than those which give historical interest to these countries, now render them deserving of peculiar attention. Lying intermediate between the three great empires of Russia, China, and British India, it has become a subject of political inquiry, whether they are to be tributary to the gigantic ambition and cupidity of the Master of Eastern Europe and Northern Asia, or whether it is feasible to open an advantageous intercourse between the Indo-British cities and Central Asia. Russia has long been anxious to push not only her trade, but her conquests in this direction; and Mouravier, who, in 1819, penetrated from the Bay of Balkan to the oasis of Khiva, strenuously recommended the Russian Government to take possession of that state, with a view thereby to secure the commerce of Bokhara. In 1820, the Baron de Meyendorff was sent as an envoy to the latter city, by way of Orenburg and the steppes of the Khirghis Tatars. He was received with great favour by the Khan of Bokhara; but the physical difficulties of establishing a commercial intercourse by either of these routes would seem to be insuperable. There is a third route open to Russia; that of the Persian caravans, by way of Astrabad and Khorasan; but the Toorkman deserts which intervene, present obstacles scarcely less formidable to commercial, still more to any military enterprise. On the other hand, it is now ascertained, that the route over the Hindoo Koosh, by which the produce of India was, in ancient times, transported on the backs of camels from the banks of the Indus to those of the Oxus, whence they were conveyed to the Caspian Sea,—is practicable at all seasons, and might be made the channel of a direct and valuable communication between British India and the emporia of the trade of Central Asia.

In the year 1831, Lieut. Burnes, who had for some time filled a political post in Sindetic India, was nominated by the Supreme Government to proceed on a mission to the Court of Lahore, bearing presents to the Maharaja; and he was directed to proceed by the river Indus, to explore the course of that river being the main object of his expedition. After encountering and dexterously overcoming the obstacles opposed by the jealousy of the rulers of Sinde, he accomplished a navigation which, though attended with no physical obstructions, had never been performed by any European of modern times, and having ascended to the mouth of the Punjnood, passed up the Chenaub to the Seik capital. It was from information which he obtained from some native merchants at Ooch in the Punjaub, that he was led to form the design of undertaking the journey across the mountains

to Bokhara; a design which received the most liberal encouragement from the Governor General, whom Lieut. Burnes joined at Simla, in the Himalaya mountains, after the discharge of his mission to Lahore; but, as it was deemed imprudent and objectionable to enter those countries as an accredited agent, the overland journey was performed in the undisguised character of a Captain in the British army returning by that route to Europe.

Not the least interesting portion of the narrative, is the voyage up the Indus, although the Author has thrown it into the third volume, as being of a less attractive character than the journey to Bokhara. No part of this river had hitherto been surveyed, except the sixty-five miles between Tatta and Hyderabad. Tatta, which is supposed to represent the ancient Pattala, and is identified by Lieut. Burnes with the Minagur of the *Periplus*, stands at the head of the delta of the Indus, about 55 miles from the sea. It was the ancient metropolis, as Hyderabad is the modern capital, of Lower Sind. Its commercial prosperity passed away with the empire of Delhi, and it does not now contain above 15,000 inhabitants. Few traces remain of its former greatness. It derives a portion of its present trade from a very curious frolic of superstition.

Tatta stands on the high road from India to Hinglaj, in Mekran, a place of pilgrimage and great celebrity, situated under the barren mountain of Hala, (the *Irus* of the ancients,) and marked only by a spring of fresh water, without house or temple. The spot is believed to have been visited by Ram Chunder, the Hindoo demigod, himself; an event which is chronicled on the rock, with figures of the sun and moon engraven as further testimony. The distance from Tatta exceeds 200 miles; and the road passes by Curachee, Soumeecanee, and the province of Lus, the country of the Noomrees, a portion of the route of Alexander the Great. A journey to Hinglaj purifies the pilgrim from his sins. A cocoa-nut cast into a cistern, exhibits the nature of his career: if the water bubbles up, his life has been, and will continue, pure; but, if still and silent, the Hindoo must undergo further penance to appease the deity. The tribe of Goseins, who are a kind of religious mendicants, though frequently merchants and most wealthy, frequent this sequestered place, and often extend their journey to Seetadeep, not far from Bunder Abbass, in Persia. They travel in caravans of a hundred, or even more, under an *agwa* or spiritual guide. At Tatta, they are furnished by the high-priest with a rod, which is supposed to partake of his own virtues, and to conduct the *cortège* to its destination. In exchange for its talismanic powers, each pilgrim pays three rupees and a half, and faithfully promises to restore the rod on his return; for no one dares to reside in so holy and solitary a spot. The *agwa* receives with it his reward; and many a Hindoo expends in this pilgrimage the hard-earned wealth of a whole life. On his arrival at Tatta from Hinglaj, he is invested with a string of white beads peculiar to that city, and only found on the rocky ridge near it. They resemble the grains of pulse or *juwarce*;

and the pilgrim has the satisfaction of believing that they are the petrified grain of the Creator, left on earth to remind him of his creation. They now form a monopoly and source of profit to the priests of Tatta.'

Vol. III. pp. 32—34.

We do not clearly understand the latter part of the story ; but Ram Chunder, we presume to be no other than Krishna, the Apollo and Dionysius of the Hindoo pantheon, whose worship appears to have prevailed all along this coast. Dwaraca, in the savage district of Okamundel, the land's end of Gujerat, is another famous place to which pilgrimages are made from all parts of India ; but there, Runchor, the name given to the same deity, has a magnificent pagoda erected to his honour, with numerous subordinate temples, bearing on their flags representations of the sun and moon. What is most remarkable about the sacred spring of Hinglaj is, that it should have no temple erected over it. It derives, most probably, its original sanctity from its importance as a caravan station in the route to Kerman. Superstition has sometimes been the protector of commerce.

Lieut.-Col. Pottinger's work has made us acquainted with the geography of this part of the country ; and we therefore pass over the Author's description of Sinde, and his interview with the Ameer of Hyderabad, the sovereign of Southern or Lower Sinde. Northern Sinde is subject to the Khan of Khyrpoor, by whom Lieut. Burnes was received with much hospitality and all due honour. He holds the important insular fortress of Bukkur, which commands the navigation of the Indus on the Sinde frontier, as also the fertile territory of Shikarpoor, wrested from the Afghans. The country to the south-east of Hyderabad, is in possession of a third independent Ameer, who resides at Meerpoor. All three chiefs are branches of the Belooche tribe of Talpoor. The subversion of the Cabool monarchy, which has freed them from the payment of a yearly tribute, has greatly raised the importance of this principality, which comprises, altogether, an area of 100,000 square miles, with a population of about a million.

About 100 miles above Hyderabad, near the base of the Lukkee mountains, which there close upon the river, is Sehwan or Sewistan ; a place of some importance in ancient days, and supposed by Lieut. Burnes to be the capital of the Sambus Raja of Arrian. The ruined mosques and towers which surround it, proclaim its wealth in the days of Mogul splendour, when it was the residence of a governor. In the centre of the town, stands the mausoleum of Lal Shah Baz, a Mussulman saint who was interred there about six centuries ago, and the odour of whose sanctity still survives.

'The miracles of Lal Shah Baz are endless, if you believe the

people. The Indus is subject to his commands, and no vessel dares to pass his shrine without making a propitiatory offering at his tomb. Thousands of pilgrims flock to the consecrated spot, and the monarchs of Cabool and India have often visited the sanctuary. The drums which proclaim the majesty of the saint, are a gift from the renowned persecutor, Alla-o-deen, who reigned A.D. 1242; and the gate, which is of silver, attests the homage and devotion of a deceased Ameer of Sinde. The needy are daily supplied with food from the charity of the stranger; but the universal bounty has corrupted the manners of the inhabitants, who are a worthless and indolent set of men. *The Hindoo joins with the Mahomedan in his veneration of the saint; and artfully insinuates Lal to be a Hindoo name, and that the Mahomedans have associated with the faith of their prophet the god of an infidel creed.* A tiger, once the tenant of the neighbouring hills, partakes of the general bounty in a cage near the tomb.

‘By far the most singular building at Schwun, and perhaps on the Indus, is the ruined castle which overlooks the town, and is in all probability as old as the age of the Greeks. It consists of a mound of earth 60 feet high, and surrounded from the very ground by a brick wall. The shape of the castle is oval, about 1200 feet long by 70 in diameter. The interior presents a heap of ruins, and is strewn with broken pieces of pottery and brick. The gateway is on the town side, and has been arched: a section through it proves the whole mound to be artificial. At a distance, this castle resembles the drawings of the Mujilebe tower at Babylon, described by Mr. Rich in his interesting Memoir. The natives afford no satisfactory account of this ruin, attributing it to the age of Budur-ool-Jamal, a fairy, whose agency is referred to in every thing ancient or wonderful in Sinde. It is to be observed, that the Arul river passes close to the castle; and we are informed by Quintus Curtius, that, in the territories of Sabus Raja, (which I imagine refers to Schwun,) Alexander took the strongest city by a tunnel formed by his miners. A ruin of such magnitude, therefore, standing on such a site, would authorize our fixing on it as the very city “where the barbarians, untaught in engineering, were confounded when their enemies appeared, almost in the middle of the city, rising from a subterraneous passage, of which no trace was previously seen.” So strong a position would not, in all probability, be neglected in after times; and in the reign of the Emperor Humaioon, A.D. 1541, we find that monarch unable to capture Schwun, from which he fled on his disastrous journey to Omercote. His son Acbar also invested Schwun for seven months, and, after its capture, seems to have dismantled it. There are many coins found in the castle of Schwun; but among thirty, I could find no trace of the Greek alphabet. They were Mohammedan coins of the sovereigns of Delhi.’

Vol. III. pp. 56, 58.

A voyage of nine days from Schwun, brought the Mission to Bukkur, (the ancient Munsoora,) a distance, by the river, of 160 miles. This singular fortress occupies an insulated rock of flint, about 800 yards in length, and 300 in diameter, dividing the Indus into two streams, each about 400 yards wide; and the

waters lash the rocks which confine them, with noise and violence. The fortified island is a beautiful object, its towers being shaded by lofty trees, and the tall date-palm droops its foliage on the mosques and walls. Over against it, on the left bank, the town of Roree is built on a precipitous flinty rock, and on the opposite shore stands the town of Sukkur: both towns have been considerable, owing their position to the insular fortress. A precious relic, a lock of Mohammed's hair, enclosed in a golden box, attracts the Mussulman pilgrim to Bukkur, though the inhabitants are chiefly Hindoos. There are several other islets near it, on one of which stands the shrine of Khaju Khizr, a Mussulman saint, under a dome, that contributes to the beauty of the scene. About four miles to the S.E. of Bukkur, a small hamlet, with ruined tombs, and a bridge of three arches thrown across the deserted channel of a branch of the Indus,—attest the existence and ancient importance of Alore, the capital of a Brahmin kingdom which is said to have extended from Cashmeer to the ocean, and from Candahar to Kanouj. It sank under the arms of Mohammedan invaders so early as the seventh century; and Lieut. Burnes thinks, that it may be identified with the kingdom of Musicanus, which Alexander found to be governed by Brahmins, and the richest and most populous in India. Larkhanu, on the opposite side of the Indus, the capital of the *pergunna* of Chandkoh, and the rallying point of the Ameers of Sinde on their north-west frontier, is supposed to mark the country of Oxycanus. Alexander is stated to have despatched his superannuated soldiers thence, by the country of the *Archoti* and *Drangi*, to Carmania; and the great road westward branches off from Larkhanu, crossing the mountains by the pass of Bolan, to Kelat and Kerman.

A hundred and twenty miles above Bukkur, Lieut. Burnes passed out of the territory of the Ameer of Khyrpoor, and entered the country of Bhawul Khan, the chief of the Daoodpootras (or Davidsons), who possesses a strip of land on the left bank of the Indus, extending southward to lat. $28^{\circ} 33'$. The district immediately below this chieftain's territory is named Oobaro, and is inhabited by aboriginal Sindees, called the Duhrs and Muhrs. On the right bank, the Sinde territory stretches higher up, to within fifteen miles of Mittunkote, where (in lat. $28^{\circ} 55'$) the waters of the Punjaub, in one united stream, fall into the Indus, which there spreads to the magnificent width of 2000 yards. At that place, taking a farewell of its waters, Lieut. Burnes entered the Punjnood, or Chenaub, and ascended it to Ooch, the capital of Bhawul Khan. This town, situated near the junction of the Garra (as the joint streams of the Beyah and Sutlej are called) with the Chenaub, is a place of considerable traffic, with a population of 20,000 persons. On the second day after leaving Ooch,

pursuing the navigation of the Chenaub, our Traveller passed into the Seik territory, where he was met by a *mihmandar* from the Maharaja, attended by a large retinue. In three days more, he came in sight of the domes of Mooltan. The Author's description of this ancient capital will, we think, interest our readers.

'The city of Mooltan is upwards of three miles in circumference, surrounded by a dilapidated wall, and overlooked on the north by a fortress of strength. It contains a population of 60,000 souls, one third of whom may be Hindoos: the rest of the population is Mohammedan, for, though it is subject to the Seiks, their number is confined to the garrison, which does not exceed 500 men. The Afghans have left the country since they ceased to govern. Many of the houses evidently stand on the ruins of others: they are built of burnt brick, and have flat roofs; they sometimes rise to the height of six stories, and their loftiness gives a gloomy appearance to the narrow streets. The inhabitants are chiefly weavers and dyers of cloth. . . . The tombs of Mooltan are celebrated. One of them, that of Bawul Huq, who flourished upwards of 500 years ago, and was a contemporary of Sadee, the Persian poet, is considered very holy; but its architecture is surpassed by that of his grandson, Rookn-i-allum, who reposes under a massy dome sixty feet in height, which was erected in the year 1323 by the emperor Tooghluk, as his own tomb. There is also, (in the interior of the fort,) a Hindoo temple of high antiquity, called Pyladpooree; mentioned by Thevenot. . . . It is a low building, supported by wooden pillars, with the idols Hooneeman and Guneesa as guardians to its portal. It is the only place of Hindoo worship in Mooltan: we were denied entrance to it.' Vol. III. pp. 110—12, 116.

Mooltan is one of the most ancient cities in India; and Lieut. Burnes thinks, there is no reason to doubt that it occupies the site of the capital of the ancient *Malli*, which Major Rennell would place higher up, and nearer the banks of the Ravee. Mooltan may be considered, he admits, to answer in some degree to the description of the Brahmin city and its castle which Alexander captured *before* attacking the capital of the *Malli*; but there are no ruins near Tolumba, (the site pointed out by Rennell,) to justify fixing upon that place as the capital.

'The manufactures of Mooltan and Bhawulpoor, the *kais* and *loon-gee* (silks) seem to assist in fixing the country of the *Malli*; for Quintus Curtius informs us, that the ambassadors of the *Malli* and *Oxydracæ* (Mooltan and Ooch) wore garments of cotton, lawn, or muslin (*linæ vestes*) interwoven with gold and adorned with purple; and we may safely translate *linæ vestes* into the stuffs of Mooltan and Bhawulpoor, which are interwoven with gold, and most frequently of a purple colour.' Vol. III. p. 115.

Above Mooltan, a desert stretches from the Chenaub to the Indus; and a greater part of Bhawul Khan's territory is a barren

waste of sand hills. Bhawalpoor stands on the left bank of the Sutlej, and contains a population of 20,000. The Rajpoot principality of Bicaner bounds the territory on the east, and that of Jessulmeer on the south; the Garra forms in part the northern frontier; but at Bhawalpoor, the boundary crosses that river, running westward to Julalpoor.

On the fourth day after re-embarking at Mooltan, Lieut. Burnes quitted the Chenaub, and entered on the navigation of the Ravee or Hydraotes, 'still called by the natives, *Iräotee*.' The Bedusta, or Hydaspes, a smaller stream, falls into the Chenaub about forty-five miles to the northward. The timber of which the boats of the Punjaub are constructed, is chiefly floated down by the Hydaspes from the Indian Caucasus; a fact which, our Author remarks, satisfactorily explains the selection of its banks by Alexander, as the site of a naval arsenal, in preference to the other rivers, by any of which he might have reached the Indus without a retrograde movement. About equidistant from the Ravee and the Bedusta, stands the town of Shorkote, near which are found ruins resembling those at Sehwan, but much more extensive; and the brick wall surrounding the mound is so high as to be seen at the distance of from six to eight miles. Lieut. Burnes visited this site, which he fixes on as the place where Alexander received his wound in pursuing the *Malli*; and he had the good fortune to procure some coins there, two of which have proved to be of Bactrian monarchs, and the Greek word *Bazileos* may be read. At length, on the 17th of July, (three months and five days after embarking at Tatta,) he came in sight of the minarets of the ancient capital of the Mogul empire, the termination of his protracted voyage; and, as the sun set, saw for the first time the masses of mountain which encircle Cashmere, clothed in their mantle of snow. Lahore presents nothing very remarkable, and we shall not be tempted to dwell on the Author's presentation to the Maharaja, and the ceremonial of the Seik court. It is more interesting to learn, that to the s.e. of that capital are to be seen remains of a city, with a lake in the vicinity, answering to the ancient Singala.

On taking leave of Maharaja Runjeet Sing, Lieut. Burnes proceeded to Umritsir, the holy city of the Seiks, and the emporium of commerce between India and Cabool;—distant from Lahore thirty miles. He then crossed the Sutlej to Lodiana, where he met the two ex-kings of Cabool, now pensioners of the British Government, Shah Zuman, and Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk. From this place he proceeded to Simla, in the mountains, a journey of 100 miles, to lay before the Governor-General the results of his mission.

We now proceed to take up the Author's narrative of his subsequent travels, as given in the first two volumes. It being

deemed prudent that, before crossing the boundaries of India, he should obtain the permission of Runjeet Sing, Lieut. Burnes returned from Simla to Lahore, and, after passing some weeks at the court of the Maharaja, again traversed the Punjaub, and having crossed its five rivers, marched up the right bank of the Hydaspes to Julalpoor. This has been conjectured to be the scene of Alexander's battle with Porus; but the mention of 'sunken rocks' by his biographer, seems, our Author remarks, to point higher up the river, near the village of Jelum. The high roads from the Indus pass this river at the two places, Julalpoor and Jelum; but the latter is the great road from Tartary, and appears to be the one followed by Alexander. About fifteen miles below Jelum, and about 1000 yards from the Hydaspes, are the ruins of a city that extended for three or four miles. They now bear the name of Oodeenuggur, but the vague traditions of the natives assign to the site a high antiquity. Lieut. Burnes conjectures, that it may represent the ancient *Nicæa*, while a mound near extensive ruins on the western bank, may mark the position of *Bucephale*.

'In our search for the remnants of Alexander's cities,' continues the Author, 'we are led into reflections on the state of the country in those days; and it is curious to compare them with our own times. We are informed that Porus, with whom Alexander fought on the banks of this river, maintained a force of 30,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry, with 200 elephants and 300 war chariots; and that he had subdued all his neighbours. Now if we change the war chariots into guns, we have precisely the regular force of Runjeet Sing, the *modern Porus*, who has likewise overwhelmed all his neighbours. The same country will generally produce the same number of troops, if its population be not reduced by adventitious circumstances.' Vol. I. p. 59.

Quitting the banks of the Jelum, (or Hydaspes,) our Traveller entered the Potewar country, inhabited by the Gukers, (Gickers?) a tribe claiming a Rajpoot origin, and, after winding for some time through the dismal defiles of the arid mountains, came suddenly in view of the celebrated fort of Rotas, deemed one of the great bulwarks between Tartary and India. Shere Shah was its founder in the sixteenth century; and twelve years and some millions of rupees are said to have been wasted on its construction. The route now leads into a rugged country of great strength, winding through ravines, amid a chaos of rocks, their vertical strata terminating in needles from decomposition, and presenting to the geologist some interesting features of the wildest scenery. In five days from Rotas, our Traveller reached the village of Manikyala, where there is a singular *tope* or mound of masonry, described by Mr. Elphinstone in his account of Caubul, and recently opened by M. Ventura, a general in Runjeet Sing's service. This immense barrow stands in a spacious plain, and

may be distinguished at the distance of sixteen miles. Lieut. Burnes, differing from M. Ventura, who identifies the site with *Bucephalia*, from a derivation which interprets Manikyala to mean, the 'city of the horse',—does not hesitate to fix upon it as Taxila, 'the most populous city between the Indus and the 'Hydaspes.'* A variety of coins and other interesting relics were found in the *tope* itself; and Lieut. Burnes was so fortunate as to procure two antique gems and seventy copper coins.

Continuing his route to the Indus, about twenty miles beyond the town of Rawil-pindee, the Author struck out of 'the king's road,' to visit a similar *tope*, which stands on the neck of a range of hills, near the ruined village of Beloor. Its construction assigns it to the same era as that of Manikyala, but it is only fifty feet high, about two-thirds of the height of the former. He here learned that there were two buildings similar to these *topes*, beyond the Indus, between Peshawur and Caubul, which he was subsequently enabled to verify; and he had discovered the ruins of another, three miles east of Rawil-pindee. In both those of Manikyala and Beloor, a shaft descends into a chamber in the heart of the structure; and the Author 'inclines to the belief, 'that, in these *topes*, we have the tombs of a race of princes who 'once reigned in Upper India, and that they are either the sepulchres of the Bactrian kings, or their Indo-Scythic successors 'mentioned in the *Periplus* of the Second Arrian.' The rudeness of the coins would point to the latter age, or second century of the Christian era †.

The situation of Beloor, or rather of the village of Osman, which has succeeded to it, appears to be most delicious,—at the mouth of a valley, close to the base of the outlying hills, its meadows watered by the crystal rivulets flowing from the mountains. Seven miles further down the valley is a spot which attracted the magnificent emperors of Hindostan,—'the Garden of 'Hoosn Abdall.' Its garden-houses are now mouldering to decay, and weeds conceal the flowers and roses; but the peach-tree and apricot-tree were glowing with blossom; the vines clung to their branches, and limpid water gushed in torrents from the rock. Some hundred springs rise in the narrow limits of this 'garden', and, after washing its beds, and forming pools, which are stored with fish, pay their tribute to a little stream which passes on to the Indus.

* Major Wilford places Taxila at Rubbaut, and *Bucephalia*, agreeably to every historical authority, on the banks of the Hydaspes.

† He afterwards says, (p. 109,) 'They may, however, be Buddhist buildings; and such appears to be Professor Wilson's opinion. (Vol. II. pp. 470.)

Our Traveller crossed the Indus at Attok, a place of no mean strength, built on a ridge of black slate, at the verge of the river. About 200 yards above the ferry, and before the Indus is joined by the Cabool river, it rushes through a confined channel with amazing fury, forming a rapid, where the water 'hisses and rolls with a loud noise', dashing like the waves and spray of the ocean. But, immediately below the confluence, the Indus passes in a tranquil stream, about 260 yards wide, and 35 fathoms deep under the walls of Attok; and it is navigable for a fleet of boats from this place to the sea. Runjeet Sing is accustomed to cross the river at Attok by a bridge of boats anchored in the stream. Such a bridge can be thrown across the Indus only from November to April, on account of the velocity of the stream when full. The method of constructing it is the more curious, from its closely resembling that described by Arrian as adopted by the Macedonian Conqueror. Four or six skeleton frame-works of wood, filled with stones to the weight of 250 *maunds*, and bound strongly with ropes, are let down from each boat; and these are constantly strengthened by others to prevent accident. The Afghans farmed the construction of a bridge at Attok for 14,000 rupees, but the Maharaja now keeps up an efficient supply of materials.

At the fork of the Indus and the Caubul river, a very singular *ignis fatuus* was observed. 'Two, three, and even four bright lights are visible at a time, and continue to shine through the night, ranging within a few yards of each other.' The natives, unable to account for them, believe them to be the spirits of persons slain near the spot. Lieut. Burnes suggests, that they may be a gaseous exhalation from a fissure in the rock; but the position of the phenomenon prevented his examining it. He found fishermen, both on the Indus and the Caubul, washing the sand for gold; but some of the minor rivers yield more gold than the main streams.

The subjects of Runjeet Sing escorted the Author to their frontier, three miles beyond the Indus, where he entered the dominions of the Afghan Sultan, Mahommed Khan. By this potentate he was received with most gratifying urbanity; and he passed a month at Peshawur very pleasantly. He met with equal kindness and generous hospitality from the Chief of Cabool (or Caubul), Sidar Dost Mahommed Khan; and he imbibed from his intercourse with the people, a very favourable impression of their national character. We pass over this portion of the narrative, however, for the same reason that has led the Author to confine himself, in this part of his work, to the recital of his personal adventures. 'The graphic and accurate descriptions of Mr. Elphinstone', he remarks, 'require no addition; and such is the nature of the information contained in his valuable work,

‘that I shall always avoid the ground on which he trod.’ It is remarkable, that the Afghans, unlike other Moslem, appear to have no prejudice against Christians.

‘I never heard from their lips,’ says Lieut. Burnes, ‘the name of dog or infidel, which figures so prominently in the works of many travellers. “Every country has its custom,” is a proverb among them; and the Afghan Mohammedans seem to pay a respect to Christians, which they deny to their Hindoo fellow-citizens. Us, they call “people of the book,” while they consider them as benighted and without a prophet.’ Vol. I. p. 124.

At Cabool, among other visitors, Lieut. Burnes was called upon by an Armenian, who gave a sad account of the dispersion of his tribe.

‘There are but twenty-one persons now remaining from a colony of some hundreds introduced by Nadir and Ahmed Shah from Joolfa (Isfahan) and Meshid, in Persia. During the Dooranee monarchy, they held offices under the government, and were respected till the time of Timour Shah’s death. In the disputes about the succession, they have gradually withdrawn their families to other countries; and the present chief of Cabool, with the best intentions, has put a finishing blow to the Armenian colony, by a strict prohibition of wine and spirits. After a life by no means temperate, this chief has renounced wine, and, under the severest penalties, commands that his subjects should be equally abstemious. The Armenians and Jews of Cabool have therefore fled to other lands, as they had no other means of support, but in distilling spirits and wine. There are but three Jewish families in Cabool, the wreck of a hundred which it could last year boast.’ *Ib.* p. 149.

From inscriptions in their burying-ground, it would appear, our Author says, that some Armenian merchants had settled in Cabool, even before the period above referred to. There is, indeed, a tradition, that Tamerlane (Timour Beg) transported numbers of Albanians to Candahar, where, according to Armenian authority, their descendants are now called Afghans. Mr. Smith, the learned American missionary, in his ‘*Researches*,’* after citing this statement from Father Chamich, adds: ‘The nomadic tribes of Karabaugh are said to have, even now, a corresponding tradition, that the Afghans and they have exchanged countries. Difficult as it may be to believe in the transportation of an entire nation, we encounter almost as great a difficulty in whatever way we attempt to account for its total disappearance.’ The Armenian orthography of Albanian is *Aghovan*, (the *l* in foreign names being changed into *gh*, and the *beta* being sounded as *v*,) and the mission library at Malta, Mr. Smith tells us, contains a history of the exploits of Nadir Shah, written in Armeno-Turkish,

* See Ecl. Rev. Nov. 1833. (Vol. X. p. 369.)

by an Armenian who accompanied him to Delhi, in which the Afghans are always called Aghovans. 'It is certain, however, that a people of that name existed at Kandahar some centuries before the time of Timoor. (See Langles's notes to Chardin).' The coincidence between the name of the city to which the Albanians are supposed to have been transferred, and that of the ecclesiastical metropolis of Albania, Kántsasar, is not a little remarkable. Afghan is clearly not the proper national name of either the Patan (Pooktoun) or the Toorkish inhabitants of the country; and the tradition which derives the appellation from Afghan, the son of King Saul, proves that its true etymology was foreign, and had become lost*.

Lieut. Burnes states, that the Afghans call themselves *Ben-i-Israeel*; that they have a tradition that Nebuchadnezzar, after the overthrow of the temple of Jerusalem, transplanted them to the city of Ghore, near Bameean; that they are called Afghans from their chief, Afghana, who was a son of the uncle of Asof, vizier of Solomon; that they lived as Jews till Khaleed summoned them, in the first century of Mahommedanism, to assist in the wars against the infidels; that, after the campaign, they were governed by a king of the line of Kyanee or Cyrus, till the eleventh century, when they were subdued by Mahmood of Ghiznee.

'Having,' adds the Author, 'precisely stated the traditions and history of the Afghans, I can see no good reason for discrediting them, though there are *some anachronisms*. . . . The Afghans look like Jews; they say, they are descended from Jews; and the younger brother marries the widow of the elder, according to the law of Moses. The Afghans entertain strong prejudices against the Jewish nation; which would at least shew that they had no desire to claim, without a just cause, a descent from them. Since some of the tribes of Israel came to the East, why should we not admit that the Afghans are their descendants, converted to Mahommedanism?' Vol. I. p. 164.

Why? Because there is no evidence to warrant the admission; and many things against it. Their language has no affinity to the Hebrew; and the supposed physiognomical resemblance, respecting which authorities differ, would equally prove many other nations to be descended from Israel. The fact is, that the whole story relating to the 'lost tribes', is a fable based upon a blunder. When St. James wrote his Epistle, the twelve tribes were still recognised as included in the extant Hebrew nation; and St.

* Dr. Dorn, the learned Translator of a History of the Afghans from the Persian, (See E. R. 3d Series, Vol. II. p. 419,) has promised a full discussion of the historical and philological questions relating to the Afghans and their language.

Peter addressed his Epistles to the brethren of the Dispersion in Asia Minor. That there may be a mixture of Jewish blood in some tribes of the Afghan race, is not unlikely; for with what nation has not that blood been intermingled? The mother of Cyrus is supposed to have been a Jewess. We know that the queen-consort of Ahasuerus was. A Jewish dynasty once reigned in Abyssinia. The Bagratian princes of Armenia claimed a Jewish origin. Whether, then, we suppose the Afghans to be a colony from Arabia, or from Albania, nothing is more likely than that one or more of their *chiefs* may have been of Jewish descent; although the supposition that, as a race or people, they belong to the Hebrew family, cannot be received without far better evidence than has been adduced.

Lieut. Burnes had not been many hours in Cabool, before he received information that Mr. Wolff, the Jewish missionary, was detained at a neighbouring village; and he lost no time in despatching assistance to the reverend gentleman. Mr. Wolff joined the party the next day, and gave a long and singular account of his escape from death and slavery. He had been in Bokhara; and his subsequent misfortunes are stated to have originated in his styling himself a *hajee*, which implies a Mohammedan pilgrim, for which he had been plundered and beaten. Mr. Wolff accompanied our Author, when he was introduced to Sidar Dost Mahommed Khan; on which occasion, aware of the character and office of his reverend visiter, the intelligent chief had assembled several Mussulman doctors, prepared to engage in a theological disputation. Lieut. Burnes acted as Mr. Wolff's interpreter. As is usual on such subjects, he says, the one party failed to convince the other; and, but for the admirable tact of the chief himself, the consequence might have been disagreeable. The nature of the argument is not detailed, our Author abstaining from anticipating 'what the reverend gentleman will, no doubt, give to the world.' Mr. Wolff proceeded from Cabool on his journey to India. Although 'in search of the lost tribes,' we are told, he did not recognise them in the Afghans of Cabool.

After spending three weeks most agreeably in this city, our Author pursued his route up the valley of the Cabool river, and, by the pass of Oonna, 11,000 feet high, reached the summit of the first ridge of the Hindoo Koosh, which divides the waters flowing in opposite directions to the Indus and the Oxus. Here, in the middle of May, the Huzara mountaineers were only ploughing and sowing, while our Traveller had seen the harvest home at Peshawur, and the grain in ear, in Cabool. The pass of Hajeeguk, over the next step of the mountain barrier, is 12,400 feet above the sea; and on its summit the thermometer fell to 4° below the freezing point. The pass of Kaloo, beyond this, is

still 1000 feet higher ; but that was now blocked up with snow. They contrived to double it, by passing round its shoulder ; and took a side path through a valley watered by a tributary of the Oxus, to Bameean, which claims a particular description.

‘ Nothing could be more grand than the scenery which we met with in this valley. Frightful precipices hung over us ; and many a fragment beneath informed us of their instability. For about a mile, it was impossible to proceed on horseback ; and we advanced on foot, with a gulf beneath us. The dell presented a beautiful section of the mountains to the eye of the geologist ; and, though a bye-path, appeared to have been fortified in former years, as innumerable ruins testified. Some of these were pointed out as the remnants of the post-houses of the Mogul emperors ; but by far the greater number were assigned to the age of Zohauk, an ancient king of Persia. One castle, in particular, at the northern termination of the valley, and commanding the gorge, had been constructed with great labour on the summit of a precipice, and was ingeniously supplied with water. It would be useless to record all the fables of the people regarding these buildings.

‘ Bameean is celebrated for its colossal idols and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called “Soomuch” by the people. A detached hill in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglodites of Alexander’s historians. It is called the city of Ghoolghoola, and consists of a continued succession of caves in every direction, which are said to have been the work of a king named Julal. The hills at Bameean are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which renders their excavation a matter of little difficulty ; but the great extent to which it has been carried, excites attention. Caves are dug on both sides of the valley, but the greater number lie on the northern face, where we found the idols : altogether they form an immense city. Labourers are frequently hired to dig in them ; and their trouble is rewarded by rings, relics, coins, &c. They generally bear Cufic inscriptions, and are of a later date than the age of Mahommed. These excavated caves, or houses, have no pretensions to architectural ornament, being no more than squared holes in the hill. Some of them are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point, from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bameean ; one in particular—that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years ! The tale need not be believed ; but it will convey an idea of the extent of the works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols ; and below the larger one, half a regiment might find quarters. Bameean is subject to Cabool : it would appear to be a place of high antiquity ; and is, perhaps, the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled “Bakhtur Zumeen,” or Bakhtur country. The name of Bameean is said to be de-

rived from its elevation;—"bam" signifying balcony, and the affix "cean," country. It may be so called from the caves rising one over another in the rock.

There are no relics of Asiatic antiquity which have roused the curiosity of the learned more than the gigantic idols of Bameean. It is fortunately in my power to present a drawing of these images. They consist of two figures, a male and a female; the one named Silsal, the other Shahmama. The figures are cut in alto relievo on the face of the hill, and represent two colossal images. The male is the larger of the two, and about 120 feet high. It occupies a front of 70 feet; and the niche in which it is excavated, extends about that depth into the hill. This idol is mutilated; both legs having been fractured by cannon; and the countenance above the mouth is destroyed. The lips are very large; the ears long and pendent; and there appears to have been a tiara on the head. The figure is covered by a mantle, which hangs over it in all parts, and has been formed of a kind of plaster; the image having been studded with wooden pins in various places, to assist in fixing it. The figure itself is without symmetry, nor is there much elegance in the drapery. The hands, which held out the mantle, have been both broken. The female figure is more perfect than the male, and has been dressed in the same manner. It is cut in the same hill, at a distance of 200 yards, and is about half the size. It was not to be discovered whether the smaller idol was a brother or son of the Colossus, but from the information of the natives. The sketch which is attached will convey better notions of these idols than a more elaborate description. The square and arched apertures which appear in the plate represent the entrance of the different caves or excavations; and through these there is a road which leads to the summit of both the images. In the lower caves, the caravans to and from Cabool generally halt; and the upper ones are used as granaries by the community.

I have now to note the most remarkable curiosity in the idols of Bameean. The niches of both have been at one time plastered, and ornamented with paintings of human figures, which have now disappeared from all parts but that immediately over the heads of the idols. Here the colours are as vivid, and the paintings as distinct, as in the Egyptian tombs. There is little variety in the design of these figures; which represent the bust of a woman, with a knob of hair on the head, and a plaid thrown half over the chest; the whole surrounded by a halo, and the head again by another halo. In one part, I could trace a groupe of three female figures following each other. The execution of the work was indifferent, and not superior to the pictures which the Chinese make in imitation of an European artist.

The traditions of the people regarding the idols of Bameean are vague and unsatisfactory. It is stated, that they were excavated about the Christian era, by a tribe of Kaffirs (infidels), to represent a king, named Silsal, and his wife, who ruled in a distant country, and was worshipped for his greatness. The Hindoos assert that they were excavated by the Pandoos, and that they are mentioned in the great epic poem of the Mahaburat. Certain it is, that the Hindoos, on passing these idols, at this day, hold up their hands in adoration: they do not make offerings; and the custom may have fallen into disuse

since the rise of Islam. I am aware that a conjecture attributes these images to the Boodhists; and the long ears of the great figure render the surmise probable. I did not trace any resemblance to the colossal figures in the caves of Salsette, near Bombay; but the shape of the head is not unlike that of the great trifaced idol of Elephanta. At Manikyala, in the Punjab, near the celebrated "tope," I found a glass or cornelian antique, which exactly resembles this head. In the paintings over the idols I observed a close resemblance to the images of the Jain temples in Western India, on Mount Aboo, Girnar, and Politana in Kattywar. I judge the figures to be female; but they are very rude; though the colours in which they are sketched are bright and beautiful. There is nothing in the images of Bameean to evince any great advancement in the arts, or what the most common people might not have easily executed. They cannot, certainly, be referred to the Greek invasion; nor are they mentioned by any of the historians of Alexander's expedition. I find in the history of Timourlane, that both the idols and excavations of Bameean are described by Sherif o deen, his historian. The idols are there stated to be so high that none of the archers could strike the head. They are called Lat and Munat; two celebrated idols which are mentioned in the Koran: the writer also alludes to the road which led up to their summit from the interior of the hill. There are no inscriptions at Bameean to guide us in their history; and the whole of the later traditions are so mixed up with Ali, the son-in-law of Mahommed, who, we well know, never came into this part of Asia, that they are most unsatisfactory.

Vol. I. pp. 183—188.

We must resist the temptation to offer any conjectures respecting these remarkable excavations, which recall a superstition probably more ancient than Boodhism itself. Boodh is never seen associated with a female companion; but here, as on the plain of Thebes, we find the same double object of worship that distinguishes the Egyptian mythology. That they are the trophies of foreign invasion and conquest, we think highly probable.

At the pass of Akrobat, about 15 miles beyond Bameean, the route leaves the dominions of the present ruler of Cabool, and enters Toorkistan. A wide belt of mountains lay before the Travellers, but of inferior elevation, and free from snow. At Syghan, on the other side of the pass, the Author found himself in the territory of an Uzbek border chief, whose allegiance vibrates between Cabool and Koondooz, as the power of either state preponderates.

‘He satisfies the chief of Cabool with a few *horses*, and his Koondooz lord with a few *men*, captured in forays by his sons and officers, who are occasionally sent out for the purpose. Such is the difference between the taste of his northern and southern neighbours! The captives are Huzaras, on whom the Uzbeks nominally wage war for their

Shiah creed, that they may be converted into Soonees and good Mohammedans.'—Vol. I. p. 189.

This gross infringement of the laws of the Prophet is found practised alike by the Tatar and the Moor, in the wilds of Toorkistan and the sandy plains of Central Africa. Under all latitudes, man preys on man. Nor can the Christian reproach the Mohammedan with a crime in which nations professing the true creed have been atrociously pre-eminent.

From the Kara Kouttul (Black Pass), the last pass of the Indian Caucasus, our Traveller descended into the bed of the river of Kholoom, and followed it to that town among terrific precipices, which, at night, obscured all the stars but those of the zenith. In some parts, the rocks rise to the height of from 2000 to 3000 feet; and near Heibuk, in a narrow defile called *Dura i Zindan* (the valley of the dungeon), the sun is excluded from some parts of it at midday. A species of arum grows here, which is poisonous to even a mule or a horse: it grows something like a lily, and the flower resembles the richest crimson velvet. Heibuk is a thriving village, commanded by a castle, situated at an elevation of only 4000 feet above the sea, where the valley opens, and the climate undergoes a visible change. The fig-tree is found here, which does not grow in Cabool or higher up the mountains. At Kholoom, the Traveller 'debouches into the plains of Tary,' and obtains a noble view of the country to the northward, sloping down to the Oxus. It is the frontier town of the powerful Uzbek chief of Koondooz, who has reduced under his yoke all the countries immediately north of the Hindoo Koosh. He has but recently risen into power, but has made himself master of the whole valley of the Oxus. He had at one time possession of Balkh, and still stamps his coin with the title of that city. Kholoom contains about 10,000 inhabitants. Koondooz is situated in a marshy valley, near the junction of two streams tributary to the Oxus, about 40 miles south of that river, and 70 miles from Kholoom. It has been a large town, but its extreme insalubrity has reduced the population to about 1500 inhabitants; and the chief himself never visits it but in winter. It is quite out of the route to Balkh; but Lieut. Burnes had an opportunity of seeing the place, which he did not wish for. The arrival of the party at Kholoom being officiously notified by the custom-house officers to the chief, a peremptory summons came, ordering the two suspected Europeans immediately to repair to Koondooz. Lieut. Burnes contrived to pass himself off as an Armenian from India, and thus made good his escape out of the mouth of the lion.

It was with heartfelt satisfaction he found himself again at

Kholoom, whence a stage of thirty miles over a barren and dreary country, infested by Uzbek banditti, conducted him to Muzar, 'within the limits of the canal of Balkh.' The ruins of aqueducts and houses prove that this tract has, at one time, been peopled; but it is now destitute of water, and consequently of inhabitants. On the following day, the Travellers entered the ancient city of Balkh, now in the dominions of the Ameer of Bokhara. They had to wind among the ruins of the city for nearly three miles, before reaching a caravanserai in the inhabited corner of this once proud 'Mother of Cities.' The ruins extend for a circuit of about twenty miles, but present few traces of magnificence, consisting of fallen mosques and decayed tombs, built of sun-dried brick, and none of them of an age prior to the Mohammedan æra. Its present population does not amount to 2000 souls, who are chiefly natives of Cobool, with a few Arabs; the greater part of the population having been 'marched off' by the Koondooz invader, or driven to take refuge in the neighbouring villages. In its wide area, Balkh appears to have enclosed innumerable gardens. A mud wall encloses a portion of the town, which excludes the ruins on every side for about two miles. The citadel, on the northern side, has been more solidly constructed, but is a place of no strength. A stone of white marble within it, is pointed out as the throne of Kai Kaoos, or Cyrus. The city itself, like Babylon, has become a perfect mine of bricks for the surrounding country. Most of the old gardens are now neglected and overgrown with weeds; of the aqueducts, by which water was formerly distributed with great labour, many are dried up and are no longer discoverable; others are suffered to overflow, and leave marshes, which render the climate very insalubrious. Balkh itself is not situated in a country naturally marshy, but on a gentle slope, declining to the Oxus, about 1800 feet above the level of the sea. Outside of the city, under a mud wall, our Author found the grave of poor Moorcroft and his companion Guthrie.

A march of thirty miles through a rich country intersected by canals, brought the Travellers to the limits of the water of Balkh. They then entered the desert of the Toorkmans, which is traversed by the high road to the ferry over the Oxus. On reaching the river, they were detained on its banks for two days, till it came to their turn of the ferry-boat, which transferred their caravan to the northern bank, or Toorkistan. The river is there upwards of 800 yards wide, and about twenty feet deep. Its waters are loaded with clay, and the current flows at the rate of about three miles and a half an hour. A very fatiguing and trying journey of ten days across the intervening desert brought the party to the gates of Bokhara. During the march, the Au-

thor overheard a controversy among some of the merchants regarding Christians,—whether they were or were not *kaffirs* (infidels).

‘One person, who was a priest, maintained that they could not be infidels, since they were people of the Book. When it was asserted that they did not believe in Mahommed, the subject became more complicated. I learned from their conversation, that a universal belief prevails among the Mahommedans, of the overthrow of their creed by Christians. *Christ, they say, lives; but Mahommed is dead.* Yet, their deductions are curious, since Jesus is to descend from the fourth heaven, and the whole world will be Mahommedanized.’

Vol. I. p. 257.

There is nothing very striking in the approach to Bokhara, but the city itself is rich with the varied interest derived from the living scene; and we must make room for a somewhat lengthened citation from the Author's vivid description.

‘Tradition assigns the foundation of the city of Bokhara to the age of Sikunder Zoolkurnuen, or Alexander the Great, and the geography of the country favours the belief of its having been a city in the earliest ages. A fertile soil, watered by a rivulet, and surrounded by a desert, was like a haven to the mariner. Bokhara lies embosomed among gardens and trees, and cannot be seen from a distance; it is a delightful place, and has a salubrious climate; but I cannot concur with the Arabian geographers, who describe it as the paradise of the world. Ferdoosy, the great Persian poet, says “that when the king saw Mawuroolnuhr, he saw a world of cities.” Compared with Arabia and the arid plains of Persia, this may be true, but some of the banks of the Indian rivers have a like richness, beauty, and fertility. The circumference of Bokhara exceeds eight English miles; its shape is triangular, and it is surrounded by a wall of earth, about twenty feet high, which is pierced by twelve gates. According to the custom of the east, these are named from the cities and places to which they lead. Few great buildings are to be seen from the exterior, but when the traveller passes its gates he winds his way among lofty and arched bazars of brick, and sees each trade in its separate quarter of the city; here the chintz sellers, there the shoemakers; one arcade filled with silks, another with cloth. Every where he meets with ponderous and massy buildings, colleges, mosques, and lofty minarets. About twenty caravansarais contain the merchants of different nations, and about one hundred ponds and fountains, constructed of squared stone, furnish its numerous population with water. The city is intersected by canals, shaded by mulberry trees, which bring water from the river Samarcand, and there is a belief among the people, which deserves to be mentioned, that the loftiest minaret, which is about 150 feet high, rises to the level of that famous capital of Timour. Bokhara is very indifferently supplied with water, the river is about six miles distant, and the canal is only once opened in fifteen days. In summer the inhabitants are sometimes

deprived of good water for months, and when we were in Bokhara the canals had been dry for sixty days; the snow had not melted in the high lands of Samarcand, and the scanty supply of the river had been wasted before reaching Bokhara. The distribution of this necessary of life becomes therefore an object of no mean importance, and an officer of government is specially charged with that duty. After all, the water is bad, and said to be the cause of guinea-worm, a disease frightfully prevalent in Bokhara, which the natives will tell you originates from the water; and they add, that these worms are the same that infested the body of the prophet Job! Bokhara has a population of 150,000 souls; for there is scarcely a garden or burying ground within the city walls. With the exception of its public buildings, most of its houses are small, and of a single story; yet there are many superior dwellings in this city. We saw some of them neatly painted with stuccoed walls; others had Gothic arches, set off with gilding and lapis lazuli, and the apartments were both elegant and comfortable. The common houses are built of sun-dried bricks on a framework of wood, and are all flat-roofed. A house in an eastern city commands no prospect, for it is surrounded with high walls on every side. The greatest of the public buildings is a mosque, which occupies a square of 300 feet, and has a dome that rises to about a third of that height. It is covered with enamelled tiles of an azure blue colour, and has a costly appearance. It is a place of some antiquity, since its cupola, which once was shaken by an earthquake, was repaired by the renowned Timour. Attached to this mosque is a lofty minaret, raised in the 542d year of the Hejira. It is built of bricks, which have been distributed in the most ingenious patterns. Criminals are thrown from this tower; and no one but the chief priest may ever ascend it, (and that only on Friday, to summon the people to prayers,) lest he might overlook the women's apartments of the houses in the city. The handsomest building of Bokhara is a college of the King Abdeolla. The sentences of the Koran, which are written over a lofty arch, under which is the entrance, exceed the size of two feet, and are delineated on the same beautiful enamel. Most of the domes of the city are thus adorned, and their tops are covered by nests of the "luglug," a kind of crane, and a bird of passage that frequents this country, and is considered lucky by the people.

There are about 366 colleges at Bokhara, great and small, a third of which are large buildings that contain upwards of seventy or eighty students. Many have but twenty, some only ten. The colleges are built in the style of caravansarais: a square building is surrounded by a number of small cells, called "hoojrus," which are sold, and bear a value of sixteen tillas, though in some it is so high as thirty. A fixed allowance is given to the professor, and each of the resident students; the colleges are well endowed; the whole of the bazars and baths of the city, as well as most of the surrounding fields, have been purchased by different pious individuals for that purpose. It is understood by the law, that the revenues of the country are appropriated to the support of the church; a fourth of the sum is distributed on that account in Bokhara; and the custom-house duties are even

shared by the priests. In the colleges people may be found from all the neighbouring countries except Persia; and the students are both young and aged. After seven or eight years' study, they return to their country with an addition to their knowledge and reputation; but some continue for life in Bokhara. The possession of a cell gives the student a claim to a certain yearly maintenance from the foundation, as well as the revenues of the country. The colleges are shut for half the year by order of the King, to enable their inmates to work in the fields, and gain something additional to their livelihood. What would the fellows of Oxford and Cambridge think of mowing down wheat with the sickle? The season of vacation is called "tateel," that of study "tuhseel." The students may marry, but cannot bring their wives to the college. In the season of study, the classes are open from sunrise to sunset; the professor attends constantly; and the scholars dispute in his presence on points of theology, while he guides their debates. One person says, "Prove there is a God!" and about five hundred set arguments are adduced: so it is with other matters. The students are entirely occupied with theology, which has superseded all other points: they are quite ignorant even of the historical annals of their country. A more perfect set of drones were never assembled together; and they are a body of men regardless of their religion in most respects beyond the performance of its prayers; but they have great pretensions, and greater show.' pp. 300—307.

My usual resort in the evening was the Registan of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area in the city, near the palace, which opens upon it. On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned, and on the fourth side is a fountain filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the Registan, to know the Uzbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmuns, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks, from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the "Great King" with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the Uzbeks from all the states of Mawur-ool nuhr, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The Uzbek of Bokhara is hardly to be recognised as a Toork or Tartar from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighbouring country of Kokan are less changed; and the natives of Orgunje, the ancient Kharasm, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves. They may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, called "tilpak," about a foot high. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mahomedans. Then follows a Hin-

doo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap and a string, instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Mahomedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look, and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dyeing cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents this wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars a portly, fair, and well dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban and a "chogha," or pelisse, of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume; but the Registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their king in a mottled garment of silk, called "udrus," made of the brightest colours, and which would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the king is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are for the most part Persians or their descendants, have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction; for of the captives brought from Persia into Toorkistan few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it is difficult for me to walk or even stand. They are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Uzbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the "holy Bokhara."

My reader may now, perhaps, form some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving

mass of human beings. In the middle of the area the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums to a continued succession of purchasers. It is with difficulty that a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being rode over by some one on a horse or donkey. The latter animals are exceedingly fine, and amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burdens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the streets are not too narrow to admit of wheeled carriages. In every part of the bazar there are people making tea, which is done in large European urns, instead of teapots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The love of the Bokharees for tea is, I believe, without parallel, for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways: with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, with salt, &c. Next to the vendors of this hot beverage one may purchase "*rahut i jan*," or the delight of life,—grape jelly or syrup, mixed up with chopped ice. This abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries in Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold at a price within the reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passenger. It is a refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it, with the thermometer at 90°, coloured, scraped, and piled into heaps like snow. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders; suffice it to say, that almost every thing may be purchased in the Registan: the jewellery and cutlery of Europe, (coarse enough, however,) the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manilla, &c. &c. One may also add to his lore both Toorkee and Persian at the book-stalls, where the learned, or would-be-so, pore over the tattered pages. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he winds his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques, surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Mahommedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labours of the day; not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and demure old men, with more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than the youths in other quarters of the world. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the king's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and, at a certain hour, no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From these arrangements the police of the city is excellent, and in every street large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night with perfect safety. All is silence until morning, when the bustle again commences in the Registan. The day is ushered in with the same guzzling and tea drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in little bowls, over which the cream floats:

a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market in shelves, supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought, speedily disappear among the tea-drinking population of this great city.' Vol. I. pp. 273—279.

Bokhara has its slave-market, which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Toorkmans. Russians and Chinese are also sold, but rarely. The Uzbeks affect to believe that they are conferring a benefit upon a Persian *Shiah* (sectary or dissenter) when they purchase him, and see that he renounces his heretical opinions! As to enslaving the Russians, they have a still better plea. First, the Russians worship idols; and secondly, Russia is but a country of slaves.

“If we purchase Russians,” say they, “the Russians buy the Kuzzaks on our frontier, who are Mohammedans; and they tamper with these people by threats, bribery, and hopes, to make them forsake their creed, and become idolaters. Look, on the other hand, at the Russians in Bokhara, at their life, liberty, and comfort, and compare it with the black bread and unrelenting tyranny which they experience in their native country.” Last, not least, they referred to their cruel banishment to Siberia, which they spoke of with shuddering horror, and stated that it had, on some occasions, driven Russians voluntarily to betake themselves to Bokhara. We shall not attempt to decide between the parties; but it is a melancholy reflection on the liberties of Russia, that they admit of a comparison with the institutions of a Tartar kingdom, whose pity, it is proverbially said, is only upon a par with the tyranny of the Afghan.’ Vol. I. pp. 296, 7.

Of the capital of Timour, which is still regarded as the metropolis of Transoxiana, we have only a description from hearsay, as Lieut. Burnes did not deem it prudent to sue for permission to visit it.

‘The city of Samarcand has now declined from its grandeur to a provincial town of 8000, or at most 10,000, inhabitants, and gardens and fields occupy the place of its streets and mosques; but it is still regarded with high veneration by the people. Till a king of Bokhara has annexed it to his rule, he is not viewed as a legitimate sovereign. Its possession becomes the first object on the demise of one ruler and the accession of another. Some of its buildings remain, to proclaim its former glory. Three of its colleges are perfect, and one of these, which formed the observatory of the celebrated Ulug Beg, is most handsome. It is ornamented with bronze, and its bricks are enamelled or painted. I could hear nothing of the famous obelisk which he built, excepting some crude tradition regarding its erection, brick by brick, as the clock struck. There is another college, called Sheredar, of beautiful architecture. The tomb of Timour and his family still remains; and the ashes of the emperor rest beneath a lofty dome, the walls of which are beautifully ornamented with agate (*yushm*).

The situation of Samarcand has been deservedly praised by Asiatics ; since it stands near low hills, in a country which is every where else plain and level.' Vol. II. p. 317.

About 20 miles from Bokhara, are the ruins of Bykund, one of the most ancient cities of Toorkistan. In a manuscript history of the country obtained by the Author, it is described as older than the present capital, and as having had many merchants who traded to China and the sea. It would therefore seem to have stood on the ancient caravan route, and to have been deserted on account of its exposure to invasion from 'the infidels of the northern countries.' The walls of some of its buildings are the only remnants of its former greatness.

The Kingdom of Bokhara is described by Lieut. Burnes as an isolated tract of open, champaign country, surrounded with a desert. On the north it is bounded by the Sea of Aral, the Jaxartes (or Sir), and the country of Kokaun or Ferghana. Eastward, it extends to the mountains which branch from the highlands of Pameer. On the south, the Oxus forms in part its boundary ; but it crosses the river on the south-eastern limit, and holds a supremacy over Balkh and the cantons of Andkho and Maimuna. On the west, it is separated by the desert of Kharasm from Orgunje or Khiva. Bokhara is now the only considerable place in respect to population, containing about 150,000 souls. Kurshee, situated in an oasis 60 miles S. of Samarcand, ranks next in population, containing more inhabitants than either Samarcand or Balkh ; yet, the number is under 10,000. These are the only towns. There are about 400 villages ; but altogether, the whole population of the kingdom is estimated by Lieut. Burnes at less than a million, one half of which is composed of nomadic tribes.

'The great feature of the country is the Oxus, which bisects the desert, and renders it inhabitable. The river of Samarcand, in its lower course, flows at right angles to it, but expends its water before paying its tribute to the greater stream. Another rivulet below that of Samarcand shares a like fate, after it has watered the province of Kurshee. On the banks of these different streams lies the whole cultivable soil of the kingdom. The entire country is comprised between the parallels of 36° and 45° of north latitude, and the meridians of 61° and 67° east longitude. A very small portion of this extensive tract is peopled. From Eljeek on the Oxus, and on the western frontier, to Juzzak on the east, which is the line of cultivation across the country, the distance is 240 miles. From Balkh to Bokhara, it is but 260, almost altogether waste, and the desert commences about 15 miles beyond the capital.'—Vol. II. pp. 154, 5.

The valley of the river of Samarcand, called the Kohik and the Zurufshan (gold-shedding river), is the ancient valley of the Sogd, which has elicited admiration in all ages from the time of Alex-

ander. It was considered as an earthly paradise by the Arabian conquerors; and though its fame must be attributed in part to the effect derived from contrast with the intervening desert, it is a beautiful valley.

Lieut. Burnes has given us, in his second volume, a geographical and historical memoir on this part of Central Asia, from which these particulars are taken, and which will be found to comprise a very valuable mass of information. It is, however, one disadvantage of this arrangement of his materials, that a great deal of repetition has been rendered inevitable. We must say, too, that the purchaser of these volumes has good right to complain of not being provided with a map.

The sequel of the personal narrative describes the Author's journey homeward, through the desert of the Toorkmans to Merve, Meshid, and Koochan in Khorasan, and thence, by way of the Caspian Gates, to Tehraun and Busheer. The opportunities which he had of witnessing the manners of the Toorkmans, has enabled him to furnish a minute account of these modern Parthians, the terror of the Persian border. They are, like the Uzbeks, Toorks, but differ from them in being exclusively nomades. They are a nation of land-pirates, men-stealers and robbers, perfidious and pitiless, true centaurs, the wild offspring of the desert, at perpetual war with civilized men; and it will be found, we fear, more easy to extirpate than to tame them. The total number of their families is rated at 140,000. They have neither science nor literature, except their songs; they are even without mosques, though not altogether without religion, being professed Soonees, or orthodox Moslem. They are warlike; their domestic habits fit them for the hour of battle; and their horses possess some matchless qualities. The Toorkman is nothing without his horse; and the latter, one is tempted to regard as the nobler animal.

We cannot dismiss these interesting volumes without advert-
ing to the curious fact, that the chiefs of Budukhshan and Durwaz, and some others in the Valley of the Oxus, claim a descent from Macedonian colonists. Marco Polo is the first author who mentions the tradition, informing us that the Meer of Budukhshan laid claim to a Grecian origin. The Emperor Baber corroborates the testimony; and Abool Fuzzul, the author of the *Ayeen Acbary*, points to the *Kaffer* country north of Peshawur, as the seat of these Macedonians. Lieutenant Burnes states, that the Chief of Budukhshan received, in recent times, the same honours as have been ascribed to him by the Venetian Traveller; but this ancient house has been subverted, within these twelve years, by the Meer of Koondooz, and Budukhshan is now ruled by a Toork family.

‘ To the eastward of Budukhshan, and extending to Cashmere, lie

the hill states of Chitral, Gilgit, and Iskardo, where the claims to a Grecian descent are likewise conceded to each of the princes. The first of these has the title of Shah Kuttore. The present ruler is of small stature, and, in these countries, has as great a celebrity for his long beard as the Shah of Persia. The chief of Iskardo occupies a singular fortress on the Indus, which he has the hardihood to assert was constructed in the days of Alexander himself. The country borders on Little Tibet, or Baltee. Nor in this the ultimate limit of the tradition, for the soldiers of the Toonganee tribe, who are sent from the western provinces of Chinese Tartary, and garrison Yarkund and the neighbouring cities, claim also a Grecian origin. They, however, seek, with greater modesty, a descent from the soldiers of Alexander's army, and not from the conqueror himself.

Such is a correct list of the reputed descendants of Alexander, and it is in some degree confirmatory of their claim, that the whole of these princes are Tajiks, who were the inhabitants of this country before it was overrun by Toorkee or Tartar tribes. But how shall we reconcile these accounts with the histories that have travelled down to our times, whence we learn that the son of Philip did not even leave an heir to inherit his gigantic conquests, much less a numerous list of colonies, which have survived a lapse of more than 2000 years in a distant quarter of Asia? Whether their descent is viewed as true or fabulous, the people themselves acknowledge the hereditary dignity of the princes; and they, in their turn, claim every royal honour, and refuse to give their children in marriage to other tribes. These Tajiks being now converted to Islam, view Alexander as a prophet; and to the distinction which they derive from his warlike achievements, they add the honour of being related to one of the inspired messengers of the Deity. I have had opportunities of conversing with some members of the Budukhshan family, but there was nothing in form or feature which favoured their Grecian lineage. They are fair-complexioned, and not unlike the Persian of modern times; while there is the most decided contrast between them and the Toorks and Uzbeks.

We learn from the historians of Alexander's expedition, that he warred in the kingdom of Bactriana. The city of Balkh, which lies in the vicinity of these territories, is readily fixed upon as the Bactra of the Greek monarchs. Setting aside every local identity, the modern inhabitants state, that the country between Balkh and Cabool had the name of "Bakhtur Zumeen," or the Bakhtur country, in which we recognise Bactria. The fact renders it by no means improbable, that a Grecian colony had some time or other existed in the country. It may, therefore, be supposed that the Grecian dynasty, which succeeded Alexander in his empire, ascended the valley of the Oxus, the fertility of which would attract them. They would have been conducted at Iskardo into Baltee, or Little Tibet, and the neighbourhood of Cashmere; and we may perhaps account for the early civilisation of that beautiful valley in such a migration of Grecian colonists. The introduction of the religion of Mahommed into every country seems to have been fatal to its historical annals; and I doubt not that any traces which here existed of the Macedonian inroad, or of the Seleucidæ, their successors, were effaced in that great revolution. I have already

observed, that the countries on the upper course of the Oxus seem to have lain out of the channel of Tartar invasion, and I infer, from their language and connection with Persia, that they followed the destinies of that country, which would be favourable to their having been conquered by Alexander. If we cannot bring ourselves to concede to these moderns the illustrious lineage of Alexander of Macedon, we must yet receive their tradition as the most concurring proof of his having overrun these countries; and, till some well-grounded arguments can be brought forward to the contrary, I cannot, for my own part, deny their title to the honours which they claim. I received the information from several natives of the country; and, as they entertained no doubt of its being genuine and authentic, I have contented myself with recording that which will enable others to enlarge and speculate upon it.' Vol. II. pp. 215—19.

Art. IV. 1. *The Theological Library*. Edited by the Ven. Archdeacon Lyall, M.A., and the Rev. H. J. Rose, B.D. Vols. IV. to VIII. Price 6s. each. London, 1832—1834.

2. *The Sacred Classics: or, Cabinet Library of Divinity*. Edited by the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D., and the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A. Vols. I. to VIII. Price 3s. 6d. each in cloth. London, 1834.

3. *The Christian's Family Library*. Edited by the Rev. E. Bickersteth. Vols. I. to X. Price 6s. each in cloth. London, 1832—1834.

THE volumes of these periodical series have accumulated so fast upon our hands that we have no way left of bringing up our arrears, than by despatching a score of volumes on one article. We shall first notice the general character of each series, and then advert more specifically to such of the volumes as claim more distinct notice.

The "Theological Library," consisting as it does of original works, claims honourable precedence. As several volumes of this series have received due critical attention in our pages*, and others will probably obtain it, we shall now briefly report the progress of the publication. Nos. IV. and V. contain the Life of Archbishop Cranmer, by Professor Le Bas; comprising a history of the Anglican Reformation up to the martyrdom of 'the great Master Builder of the Protestant Church of England.' Nos. VI. and VIII. comprise the second and third volumes of Mr. Smedley's History of the Reformation in France. No. VII. is a volume of Scripture Biography, by the Rev. R. W. Evans,

* No. I. Le Bas's Life of Wiclif. Ecl. Rev. June 1832, p. 522. No. II. Shuttleworth's Consistency of the Scheme of Revelation. Sept. 1832, p. 247. No. III. Smedley's Hist. of the Reformed Religion in France. March, 1833, p. 217.

beginning with Adam, and ending with Barnabas. It might with more propriety have been entitled, *Scripture Characters*; for there is something ludicrous in the idea of writing the life of Adam, or biographical memoirs of Demas, Onesimus, and Gallio. The Author is, in fact, a portrait-painter, not an historian; and his subjects furnish but a slender text for his diffuse, florid, sentimental commentary. Mr. Evans is a man of genius and fervent piety. There is occasionally much beauty in his imaginary sketches, and a fine tone of devout sentiment pervades his didactic writings. This volume will please and edify. Still, we cannot say that, as *Scripture Biography*, it is quite to our taste; nor do we think that it ranges well with the other volumes of the Theological Library. The style partakes of a juvenile fondness for ornament, and sometimes runs into glittering verbiage. For instance, in the Introduction, Mr. Evans, in dilating upon the advantages and disadvantages of sacred biography, breaks forth into the following reflections.

‘How seldom (alas, how very seldom) in turning over the pages of Grecian history, do we see the national fickleness and vain-glory overcome by steadiness and solidity of principle, and even then the thing is done with an ostentatious air, with a theatrical effort, with the grimace of a complacent consciousness, which of itself confesses how far removed it was from his natural character. How seldom too do we find the cold, selfish, sternness of the Roman *relaxing its clotted mass, and melting into the milk of charity and human kindness*. Yet in Scripture history how continually are we at once instructed and delighted at beholding the inert lump of Jewish obstinacy and passiveness here refined by the Spirit’s heavenly fire into adventurous enterprize, ardent sublime courage, wise well-considered perseverance, or there softened by the dew of celestial grace into most tender love, most enchanting sweetness.’ p. 6.

Such a passage as this affords but poor promise of either correct taste, or vigorous thought, or philosophical analysis, in the subsequent pages. It would not, however, be fair to give this as a specimen of the volume; and we must therefore extract a passage which will shew the Author’s skill in working up the brief indications of the sacred text into biographical composition. We take almost at random his sketch of Ezra.

‘Ezra was of a sacerdotal family, and of the house of Aaron. Among his nearer ancestors he numbered the high-priest Hilkiah, who restored the lost word of God in the reign of Josiah, and Seraiah, also high-priest, who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the king of Babylon, when he burnt the Temple. Thus he had every incitement and generous motive which splendour of ancestry can bestow. He therefore gave himself up with all diligence to the study of that law which his forefathers had maintained with such zeal, and resistance even unto blood. He became a ready scribe in it, and was therefore

properly entrusted by the Persian king, with the conduct of a second body of returning Jews, and commissioned to settle, on a permanent footing, the civil and religious constitution of the country. It was indeed time. Fifty-seven years had elapsed since the completion of the Temple. And yet the nation could scarcely be said to be restored. The powers granted to Ezra were very ample. He had authority to appoint magistrates, and judges, and the infliction of capital punishment, even to death. He took with him a great quantity of silver and gold, to which not only the captive Jews, but even the king and his councillors largely contributed, expressly offering to the God of Israel. He was furnished also with vessels for the service of the Temple, some of which, perhaps, had belonged to the former house, and were now on their return with the people. Having completed his preparations, he quitted Babylon in the beginning of Spring, and in about a week joined the caravan which he had appointed to assemble on the river Ahavah. Here he spent three whole days in reviewing the people. He found but two families of priests, and to his grief and dismay not one of the Levites. With much difficulty and entreaty he prevailed upon some families to accompany him. This unwillingness of the sacred tribe arose, no doubt, from the consideration, that they could have no portion in the land, but must depend upon tithes, the receipt of which could not but be precarious in an unsettled country. This obstacle was but imperfectly met by the king excusing the whole tribe of Levi from tribute. Here too he delivered into the custody of the priests all the silver and gold, and vessels for the Temple. He then proclaimed a fast, that they might humbly entreat their God for guidance and protection. What an inestimable treasure would have been an account of the reflections of Ezra on this occasion. He was a scholar of celebrity in the history, and laws, and religion of his country. And now he was on his way to the land of his fathers, to the spots which were painted in his imagination in glowing colours, and associated with most heart-stirring events. He was going to breathe the same air, to look on the same scenes, to drink from the same wells, and rivers, to have all the same outward impressions as Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon; and Jerusalem, and Hebron, and Jordan, and Hermon, all the cities, and rivers, and mountains, sanctified by some work of God's mercy, rose to his mind. He was even proceeding to tread in the very track which Abraham had made when he first entered the land. But then he bethought him, that he should every where meet with ruins, and monuments of God's wrath executed upon his fathers. He would find their very tombs rifled. Yet from these mournful thoughts he could turn to themes of overpowering joy. He was going to restore the civil and religious polity of his country, and this was in effect to restore the visibility of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. He was bringing back from captivity and abeyance the prophecies, the sacrifices, the people which were to announce, and to give the Redeemer to mankind. He was bringing all mankind out of spiritual captivity, he was carrying with him the regeneration of the world. The earthly Jerusalem was the end of his march, but the heavenly Jerusalem alone could terminate

his pilgrimage. After a stay of three days, the assembled caravan began its march, and after a journey of four months arrived at Jerusalem, about Midsummer.

‘Deep and varied must have been the feelings of Ezra as he made his way through rubbish and ruins, which even his scholarship could scarcely identify, and gazed at last upon the temple, rising in solitary majesty above the fragments of palaces and walls, and towering over the ragged half-built town. How clearly had the abomination of desolation left the print of his foot-track! And even that house had lost its essential furniture, the in-dwelling of the cloud of glory. Yet not for ever. The voice of prophecy proclaimed that the glory should return, though his eyes should not see it. Meanwhile he rejoined brethren, friends, and countrymen, all engaged in the same holy work, and welcoming him and his company with all the gladness of a triumph. The first three days Ezra assigned to collecting and arranging the gifts and treasures which he had brought with him, and on the fourth he delivered them into the hands of the priests, and verified his commission to the lieutenants of the king, and then the whole company offered sacrifice in behalf of themselves and all their dispersed brethren. What a moment was this to a mind like Ezra’s! It was the first time that he had offered sacrifice, and as he knew, if any one, the virtue of the rite, how must his soul have been overjoyed at regaining this inestimable and lofty privilege of the sons of God, this means of communication with his mercy, this embodied prophecy, which his eyes could see, and hands could handle, of redemption to life everlasting.’

pp. 197—201.

Mr. Evans often reminds us, both in his style and cast of sentiment, of the once popular writings of Dr. Collyer. As a specimen of the grave and impressive lessons which are interwoven with the slight tissue of narrative, we shall transcribe the concluding reflections on the character of Felix, which are excellent.

‘The subsequent conduct of Felix proves how utterly lost upon him was the warning of the Gospel, how incurable was his profligacy. The pang of guilt was forgotten, and he often sent for Paul, and conversed with him, but not to hear the glad tidings of repentance and forgiveness of sins, but to endeavour to extort money from him as a bribe for his liberty. This money too, of which he thought Paul was possessed, he knew to be not his own, but put into his charge by different Churches for distribution to the poor brethren in Jerusalem. Thus he endeavoured to prevail upon Paul to be a sharer in his own iniquity of peculation and robbery, and probably often pretended a desire to hear the Gospel, when he only wished to sound him with regard to the quantity of the sum of money which he had, and his reluctance or readiness to part with it. He ranks with Ananias and Simon in insulting the Spirit of God, and making the hearing the Gospel an affair of money. For two whole years he thus detained Paul, although he knew his complete innocence of the charges brought against him. And when he quitted the province, he left him still a prisoner, because he wished to gratify the Jews, whom his extortions and rapine had so

justly enraged. He did not, however, succeed thus in allaying their anger, and owed his safety to the interest of his brother Pallas, and not to their mollified indignation.

'Thus from first to last this wretched man maintained his consistency of guilt, and to him the Gospel of innocence and truth was the continual occasion of crime and fraud. Not a redeeming point appears in his character. He seems to have been an irreclaimable son of perdition. There can surely be few like him in the Church, however the bad be mingled there with the good. Yet all, bad and good, may take warning from him. All may take heed, and beware in what spirit they hear the Gospel of Christ. They may guard against those carnal motives which sometimes bring men to hear it. Such may be the itching ear of selfish curiosity, or the mere worldly-minded compliance with the decent habits of society. Upon such hearing the blessing of God cannot be expected. At the very outset they are not in the proper state of mind, and run the risk of hearing and not understanding, and of seeing, and yet being blind. The Gospel may then harden rather than soften, and inflict a curse where it had otherwise imposed a blessing. If the heart be open but through the channel of fear, there is danger of even this closing up, in the moment that it is touched. Every careless hearing too is succeeded by one more careless. The heart grows more and more insensible to appeal. The threats of the Gospel may not merely cease to disquiet with fear, but may raise a secret inward exasperation of which the hearer is scarcely conscious, while their familiarity may breed contempt. And thus he may, almost unconsciously, certainly undesignedly, become in the end an unbeliever. Let, therefore, all careless hearers and readers of the Gospel think of Felix, and tremble.'—pp. 313–315.

We have remarked, that this volume, whatever be its merit, is not in harmony with the character of the other numbers of the series, or with the proposed design of the publication, which is 'to form, when completed, a digested system of religious and ecclesiastical knowledge.' Yet it is more strictly *theological* than any preceding volume of the 'Theological Library.' This designation is, indeed, a misnomer. The series should have been styled, 'The Ecclesiastical Library;' for all the volumes hitherto published, as well as those announced*, come under the head either of church history, or of ecclesiastical biography, with the exception of Dr. Shuttleworth's argumentative defence of the Scheme of Revelation; and this relates to the outworks of Theology,—the evidences, rather than the doctrines of the Christian faith. We do not regret this, considering the *school* to which the

* Among these are, a *Life of Jewel*, by Professor Le Bas, in continuation of the *Lives of Wiclif and Cranmer*; a *Life of Grotius*, by James Nichols, F.S.A., Author of "*Arminianism and Calvinism compared*"; a *Life of Luther*, by the Rev. H. Rose; and a *History of the Church of Scotland*, by Dr. Russell.

Editors of the series belong, the divinity of which, less subtle and scholastic indeed than that of the schoolmen of other days, is still not less trammelled by authorities, cramped by sectarian prejudices, and chilled by the polemic spirit. We will not say of the *Tomlinism* of the orthodox party of the Established Church, what Robert Hall so truly and finely observed of Socinianism, that 'it is a 'cold negation;' the 'whole secret' of *that* creed 'consists in 'thinking meanly of Christ'; but it certainly may be affirmed of this so called 'orthodoxy', that a large proportion of the negative goes into its composition, and that a great deal of it consists in thinking meanly of Calvin. Even Professor Le Bas, one of the most candid and enlightened writers of the high-church party, and whose sermons shew him to be in the main a Biblical theologian, forgetful of Bishop Horsley's caution to his anti-calvinistic clergy, betrays, as an historian, the spirit of the feud cherished by the Arminianised church towards that great Reformer. In his *Life of Cranmer*, he discovers a particular anxiety to shew that the archbishop, whom he represents to have been the chief compiler of the Thirty-Nine (or rather Forty-two) Articles, held a creed *opposed* to that of the Church of Geneva, which he characterizes as 'a system of qualified fatalism.' Nothing, he believes, 'would be more hopeless, than the attempt to shew, that the doctrine of personal predestination, or any other opinion of the 'same kindred, ever, for an instant, darkened his (Cranmer's) creed.' This is a bold assertion, to which it might be sufficient to reply, that, if so, the xviith article could not have proceeded from the pen of Cranmer. Mr. Le Bas proceeds to say :

'The spirit which animated his proceedings, was principally Lutheran; and Melancthon was the representative of Lutheranism, to whom his thoughts were constantly directed. Now, there is no one point in the history of the Reformation more indisputable than this—that Melancthon was the adversary of every thing resembling fatalism, whether philosophical or Christian,—and that, when Calvin began to build up his scheme of predestination, the author of the Augsburg Confession was deaf to all the applications by which the "Zeno of his day" (as he was then frequently termed) endeavoured to win him over to something like conformity with his notions. It is true that Melancthon, (as well as Luther,) in the outset of his inquiries, got himself entangled in what he afterwards called, sometimes the *Stoical*, and sometimes the *Manichéan*, perversions. But it is also undeniable, that he very speedily extricated himself from the labyrinth, and intimated his deliverance to the world, by expunging the ungracious doctrines from his *Loci Theologici*, so early as the year 1535. Luther, indeed, made no formal retractation of any opinion: he was without leisure, or without patience, for a revisal of his writings. But in his last work of importance he laments that, after his death, his writings would probably fortify multitudes in their errors and "*delirations*;" and he therefore adds a solemn warning, that we are not to

inquire concerning the *predestination* of a hidden God, but, purely, to acquiesce in the things which are revealed by our vocation and the ministry of the word.

‘Such were the models which Cranmer had perpetually before his eyes: and there can be no reasonable doubt, that his own personal views respecting these questions, were, throughout, substantially in harmony with theirs. That he had no esteem for doctrines savouring of fatalism, may be collected from a letter of his to Cromwell, in which he mentions a turbulent and fanatical Priest, who, in spite of all that *his own Chaplains* could do with him in the way of reasoning, was immoveably persuaded that, like Esau, he was created unto damnation, and was with great difficulty prevented from putting an end to his suspense by self-destruction. The same thing may further be concluded from his selection of the Paraphrase of Erasmus, as a book of popular instruction; for Erasmus was the rational champion of the freedom of the human will, and the adversary of all extravagance, whether in the shape of superstition or fanaticism. It is rendered next to certain by the general tenor of his own writings, in which he appears as the decided advocate of universal Redemption, and an election, through Baptism, to the privileges of the Christian covenant; doctrines conspicuous in the Liturgical offices of our Church, but at mortal variance with the whole theory of Calvin.

‘It must further be considered, that to claim the Articles of 1552, as monuments of a *Calvinistic* faith, is, in truth, little better than a downright anachronism. It was not till late in the year 1551, that Calvin began to be renowned as the great champion of the *predestinarian* doctrine. That he maintained this doctrine before that period, is, indeed, unquestionable: but his notions had, then, brought him any thing but homage and reputation. On the contrary, they exposed him to invective, even within his own narrow sphere, as the abettor of a system which made God the author of sin. The attack upon him, in his Church, by Jerome Bolsec, in 1551, was a signal for the formal commencement of the controversy, subsequently known by the denomination of *Calvinistic*: and it is the boast of Theodore Beza, (the disciple, and almost the worshipper, of Calvin,) that, in consequence of these debates, the questions relative to the free-will of man, and the decrees of God, were illustrated with a distinctness, *utterly unknown to the ancient Christian writers*. Combine with these circumstances, the fact, that the compilation of our Articles was completed early in 1552, and the absurdity of ascribing to them a *Calvinistic* origin, will be irresistibly obvious. The fame of the mighty master himself was, at that time, but just above the horizon. The way to his future supremacy, was, for the most part, still to be won. So that the world, as yet, was scarcely in full possession of the secret which, according to the confession of Beza, had well nigh escaped the sagacity of the primitive Doctors of the Church.

‘It is another important consideration, that, if the Articles were dictated by a reverential regard for the sentiments either of Calvin or Augustine, the framers of them must have made up their minds to pour contempt on their own Liturgy. A collection of offices like ours, followed up by a decidedly *predestinarian* confession, would have

been a perfect monster. No one, who has ever studied the character of Archbishop Cranmer, can believe that he would have lent his name to a combination so extravagant. Nothing can be more unlike the cautious and wary temper of his proceedings, than a sudden leap, from the ground on which he had laboured for the preparation of our Liturgy, into the dark abyss of Calvinistic fatalism. His mantle fell, at length, upon a Protestant successor, animated by a spirit similar to his own. Early in the reign of Elizabeth, the Articles were revised, under the superintendence of Archbishop Parker; but even then, no infusion of Calvinism was admitted. The source of the corrections was, manifestly, the confession of Wirtemberg, (a compendium of the Lutheran confession of Augsburg,) drawn up in 1551, for the purpose of being exhibited to the Council of Trent, and not impressed with a single lineament of Calvinism. In the course of time, however, men of a different spirit succeeded. The Calvinistic fever became, for a while, almost epidemic; and towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, certain of our leading Divines, with our *truly* Catholic Liturgy before their eyes, laboured to perfect our Articles by an ample introduction of the Genevan Doctrine. A subsequent testimony to the liberal spirit of this confession was borne, at a later period, by the Westminster Divines, whose first attempt at remodelling the Church, was a review of the Articles, and this too with the avowed design of making them "more determinate in favour of Calvinism;" a design which was still cherished by the same party at the celebrated Savoy Conference after the Restoration. If, then, Archbishop Cranmer and his coadjutors intended to give a Calvinistic complexion to their performance, they must have wrought in that behalf like very timid or unskilful artists. The whole Anglican Reformation never found much favour in the eyes of the Genevan school, even at the period of its completion: and it appears that, subsequently to that period, the same school has been repeatedly at work to bring that Reformation to a more worthy conformity with their own model of exclusion.

Vol. II. pp. 91—96.

Nothing, we must be allowed to say, can be more flimsy, in point of argument, or more partial and unjust than this whole representation. What better than a mean quibble is the observation, that to style the articles Calvinistic, is an anachronism, because the doctrines they contain had not at that time been identified with the name of Calvin? Who, but the bitter adversaries of those doctrines, ever maintained that they originated with Calvin? It is admitted, that Luther himself at one time held similar doctrines; nay, doctrines which it would be calumny to impute to the more judicious Reformer of Geneva; and nothing is more certain than that Zwingle, the precursor of Calvin, held the same tenets as those of which Calvin's learning and eloquence rendered him the more illustrious champion. The boast of Beza, insidiously displayed by Mr. Le Bas's italics, was, not that '*doctrines unknown to the ancient Christian writers*' were

brought to light by those debates, but that the doctrines of Augustine and other preceding writers were illustrated with a superior clearness and distinctness, in consequence of debates which led to their vindication from unprincipled misrepresentations or sophistical objections. Upon this point, we are happy to be able to oppose to the Biographer of Cranmer, the Biographer of Luther and Calvin, and to cite, from a volume of the "Christian's Family Library," statements in correction of the above representation, by a clergyman of his own church.

' It has been clearly established concerning three of the very greatest reformers, Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingle, (and we know that many more thought with them,) that, at an earlier period, at least, of their course, they not only held those doctrines of election and predestination which have subsequently been denominated Calvinistic, but that they carried them to a length almost unknown among "modern Calvinists." Nor did those high doctrines originate with these persons. They held them in common with eminent writers who had preceded them, and were members of the Roman-catholic church; and they would have been able to support even some of their boldest positions by the authority of St. Augustine himself. Why then is all the odium of these obnoxious doctrines to be accumulated upon the devoted head of CALVIN, who had never yet been heard of in public life, even at the latest period here referred to?

' Yet further: surely none can be so blinded with prejudice, as not to acknowledge, even after this statement is made, and these facts confessed, the vast practical wisdom, the holy excellence, and the immense usefulness, which were found in the three great men now specially referred to, in combination even with that highly exceptionable form and measure of these doctrines with which they were chargeable. What real discernment, what value for Christian truth, and love of Christian virtue, can we allow to that man, who does not see, and irresistibly *feel*, that these persons still deserve our highest veneration, affection, and gratitude, *notwithstanding* the excess to which they may have gone on these subjects? Yea, though we would be far from implying that any error is harmless, yet we may even ask, what great obstruction, or even alloy, to their actual usefulness do we see arising from their sentiments upon these abstruse points? Those sentiments little affected their ordinary instructions and modes of address—than which nothing could be more impressive, nothing more practical, nothing more effective. And, if this must be admitted concerning the mighty dead, why should not some small measure of the same justice be dealt out to the humbler living? Where have been found more holy, more laborious, more efficient men, in our own days, than those, whom the circumstance of their holding some very much moderated and attempered portion of the doctrines, taught by these great reformers, has exposed to almost unbounded animosity and obloquy? What would have been thought of the *modern* spirit upon this subject, in times past? What may we suppose will be thought

of it in times yet to come? In a review hereafter assuredly to be made, will bitter and contemptuous hostility be esteemed any proof of either our wisdom or our virtue?

‘The name of Calvin is so associated in the minds of most persons in the present age with the question of predestination, that they are apt to consider him in scarcely any other light than as the assertor of dogmas with respect to it, on which some delight disproportionately to dwell, and from which others revolt with horror. But, in the first place, his doctrines upon that deep and difficult subject were no *peculiarities* of his; and, secondly, this was not his great subject—that which mainly employed his powers; much less that on which he exclusively dwelt. It may be true that, by giving a more regular and consistent form to the tenets which he embraced upon this head, he might contribute to their wider and more permanent reception: but he seems on the whole rather to have softened than aggravated what had previously been taught with respect to it.

‘We make these observations in the present connexion, because of the fact that we have now passed through more than half of the twenty-eight years that Calvin’s ministry lasted, without even hearing of the question of predestination. We do not mean that he did not hold and teach the same doctrines during that time, as in the subsequent part of his life. His *Institutes* were before the public from the very commencement of this period, and they from the first asserted his predestinarian tenets: but no controversy, no discussion arose upon the subject, at least between protestants. Calvin had yet published nothing separately upon it. In his work on the will, in reply to Pighius, which obtained the approbation of Melancthon in the year 1543, the question of predestination is expressly reserved for a separate publication, which, as his opponent died soon after, never appeared during the period on which our remark is made. His work against the *Libertines*, which he published in 1544, is in great part employed in refuting and reprobating those avowed principles of their’s, which are often charged as implied in his own doctrine—such as making God the author of sin, and destroying human responsibility. In fact, his main conflict at Geneva from the first had been, not against those who differed from him on such points; it had hardly been even against the errors of popery; but rather against the great practical evils which prevailed, and in enforcing upon men, that “every one who named the name of Christ must depart from iniquity,” if he would be acknowledged as his disciple.” pp. 266—8; 360, 1.

We have, on a former occasion, shewn that the language of the XVIIth Article is almost verbatim that of Calvin himself, both in his *Institutes* and his *Commentary*. One would have thought that this simple, incontrovertible fact might have put a stop to the petulant misrepresentations of anti-Calvinist polemics. How far Calvin would have approved of the Lambeth Articles, must be matter of conjecture; but to argue that those Articles, intended to explain the previous formulary, prove the non-Calvinistic character of the original document, is something worse

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than 'an anachronism.' It appears from the proceedings at the Bishop of Lincoln's, in 1641, 'touching Innovations in the 'Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England,' that the learned Divines then and there assembled, (including Archbishop Usher, Bishop Williams, and Drs. Prideaux, Ward, Brownrig, Feately, and Hacket,) considered Arminianism as repugnant to the original doctrine of the Church. The 13th article of *innovations* in doctrine is thus expressed: 'Some have defended the 'whole gross substance of Arminianism, that *Electio est ex fide* 'prævisa, that the act of conversion depends upon the concurrence of man's free will, and that the justified man may fall 'finally and totally from grace.' Bold, indeed, but not wise must be the controvertist who, with the Xth, XIIIth and XVIIth Articles before him, supported by the writings of Tyndal, Fox, Hooker, and other luminaries of the English Church, can deny that these dogmas were innovations. No where is the doctrine of Final Perseverance more beautifully illustrated and vindicated than in Hooker's Sermon on Justification.

It would not be difficult to shew, that, whether 'the doctrines 'conspicuous in the liturgical offices of Our Church', are 'at 'mortal variance with the whole theory of Calvin or not,' they are at least at variance with the doctrines of the Articles themselves. Mr. Le Bas speaks of 'an election, through Baptism, 'to the privileges of the Christian covenant,' as the conspicuous doctrine of the offices. Is there one word about *Baptism* in the Article upon Election? Not a syllable. Again, there is an article treating expressly of Baptism: does it contain any reference to such election? Not a syllable. 'They that receive 'baptism rightly,' (whatever that means,) 'are thereby said to be 'grafted into the Church,' and the promises are by this 'instrument' 'visibly signed and sealed;'—but not a word about Election. Equally silent are the Articles respecting Universal Redemption; which is, by the way, a doctrine more directly at variance with Baptismal Regeneration than with Predestination. Other discrepancies might be pointed out; but this is not our present object. We freely admit, that there are many things in the offices, and some in the 'Catholic' Liturgy of the Church of England*, which Calvin would not have approved of, any more

* Some of these things may be specified, in the language of a pious clergyman of the Established Church, who has zealously laboured to promote a revision of the Liturgy. 'These inconsistencies of our own Liturgy and doctrinal scheme,' he says, 'refer to the indiscriminate and gregarious manner in which the members of a *national* church—gathering, as a matter of course, within its fold, the very dregs and refuse of mankind, both socially and spiritually—are addressed in our services. *All* sponsors are believers; *all* the baptized are regenerate;

than Luther, or Melancthon; nor are we sure that Cranmer himself would have defended them. The 'service-book' was assuredly not the Archbishop's composition; but, had he been suffered to perfect his reform, he would never have left in the office for the visitation of the sick, a doctrine so carefully excluded from the liturgy, and which no sophistry can vindicate from the charge of rank Popery.

We have been insensibly led into polemical discussion. Alas! why must biography, or church history, be written in this spirit of party? Why must the eulogist of Cranmer feel it necessary to depreciate Calvin? And of what consequence is it to *us*, what either of them believed or taught. Was Cranmer "crucified for us," or have we been "baptized in the name of" Calvin? To their own Master and ours, they have long since gone to give account; and we have "a more sure word of prophecy" than the articles or dogmas of either. The theology which calls Aristotle, or Calvin, or Arminius 'Master', is not fitted to become the universal creed, the triumphant instrument of regenerating the world.

A better promise of a 'Theological Library' seems presented to us in the series of 'Sacred Classics,' which have reached an eighth number, 'under the especial patronage of her most gracious majesty, the Queen,' and the able superintendence of two very estimable clergymen. The design is unexceptionable; and nothing can be objected against the execution, either as respects the intrinsic value of the standard works themselves, or the catholic and liberal spirit which so obviously presides over the selection. Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying" was a noble beginning; and in the introductory essay by Mr. Cattermole, we had a further pledge that the series would be adapted to meet the general views, and to promote the common interests of the Church Catholic. We transcribe, with pleasure, the following manly statements.

all the confirmed, forgiven; *all* the catechumens, elect; *all* kings religious; *all* the dead, subjects of thankfulness;—to the total oblivion of the present and eternal distinction between the saved and the lost. The consequence glares and blazes in the feelings of self-satisfaction which our poor, deluded, victims enjoy, as supposing all their sins to be blotted out—not, by having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by *that* new and living way—but, as obeying the demands of the Church; and in such demands seeing nothing to disturb a guilty, nor to soothe a penitent, mind: I mean, seeing nothing of this with such *distinctness* as would be the case, if the liturgical language were as clear, cautionary, and guarded, as we adopt in protecting our worldly interests.

‘ It was fortunate for Bishop Taylor’s peace, though not for the church’s advantage, that the remoteness of his dioceses placed him far from the sphere of the profligate court of the second Charles, and secured him from any share in the public measures of his reign. This was one of the few periods—and the last—over which the filial admirers of the Church of England may desire to draw a veil. The age of the cruel persecutions in Scotland, and of the perfidious severities practised towards the nonconformists at home,—when the Church of England stooped to copy, against the Presbyterians, the worst parts of their own intolerant conduct, when the door of reconciliation was closed in the wantonness of power, and the foundations of modern dissent laid upon an ever-widening basis,—presents a spectacle, to which we still revert with sorrow not unmingled with shame. What, then, must have been the pain with which it was contemplated, at the time, by the zealous advocate of fraternal and enlightened toleration? He found his consolation, we may hope, in the careful discharge of his episcopal functions, in occasionally adding to the list of his invaluable writings, in the employments of a devotion as impassioned and seraphic, as is consistent with the salutary equilibrium of the faculties of the human mind, and, doubtless, in the reflection, which must ever attend the authors of those distinguished works of genius, whose object is the promotion of God’s glory and the honour and welfare of his creatures, that though the work through which, in the prime of his mature faculties, he had endeavoured to instil into his divided country the wisdom of forbearance and Christian love, had as yet produced no visible fruits, it had not been “ cast upon the waters ” in vain ; but would in due time be found, though “ after many days,” to have been concurring with other causes to secure for posterity the permanent blessings of religious peace.’ pp. xxxi, xxxii.

‘ It is not long since we witnessed the erasure from our statute-books of the only remaining acts of the legislature which could be regarded as restraints upon the most perfect liberty of conscience ; and cordially shall we, for our part, rejoice in their removal, should the event prove, that sufficient care has been taken for the preservation of that venerable establishment, in which the deeply reflective writer just cited, “ sees,” he tells us, “ the greatest, if not the sole safe bulwark “ of toleration.” We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the fact of danger to be apprehended from the existence, in our times,—not indeed of a sect or party, but—of a multitude of persons, whose declared opinions place them beyond the pale of all parties and sects alike, who wilfully mistake for toleration, a license to overleap and lay waste all the defences of the public faith. Yet even here we are willing rather to hail a motive to exertion, than to acknowledge a ground of discouragement ; inasmuch as out of even this pernicious error we look to find the beneficent hand of the Supreme Ruler of events extracting good : for his Providence has supplied the means of cure in the very excess of the evil, which in hurting some, offending and rousing many, and endangering the comfort of all, will be the means of bringing men back to reflection, and thence to a peaceable submission to such sober and reasonable regulations for securing the full effect of Christianity

upon this great nation, as will be found equally conducive to the welfare of the individual, and to the progressive improvement of the human race.' pp. xxxiii, xxxiv.

Cave's Lives of the Apostles, with an introductory essay by Mr. Stebbing, occupy the second and third volumes. We have next, Dr. Bates's Treatise on Spiritual Perfection, with an introductory essay by Dr. J. Pye Smith; Devotional and Practical Treatises, selected from the works of Bishop Hall, with an introduction and notes by Mr. Cattermole; Baxter's Dying Thoughts, with an essay by Mr. Stebbing; and Select Sermons from Jeremy Taylor, with an essay by Mr. Cattermole. The eighth volume (the last published) comprises Butler's Analogy, with a memoir of the author by Dr. Croly; and the next is to comprise Watts's Lyrics, with a life by Dr. Southey. Cave's Primitive Christianity, Waterland on the Trinity, Jeremy Taylor's Life of Christ, Owen on the Glory of Christ, Cudworth on Morality, Thomas à Kempis, Romaine on Faith, Boyle on Seraphic Love, Boston's Fourfold State, &c., &c., are announced among the works which are to follow.

We are loath to say one word in any other tone than that of warm commendation of this well-intended and useful undertaking. We are delighted to see the best works of our most venerated divines, conformist and non-conformist, reproduced in so cheap and elegant a form, under such auspices; and we think that the publication deserves encouragement from all quarters. Nevertheless, we must candidly express a qualified opinion as to the judiciousness of the scheme so far as developed.

We know not *who* is responsible for the choice of the publications to be included in this series, as we observe that, in the advertisement, 'the Proprietor' is spoken of as distinct from the Editors. 'No attempt,' it is remarked, 'has yet been made to form the noblest productions of our theological writers into a uniform library of divinity, and to present the collection to the public at such a price, that he who purchases at present the cheapest of ephemeral productions, may, for the same money, possess himself of works which cannot fail to afford him guidance and support in the highest exercise of his faculties, and under every vicissitude of life. It is the desire of the Proprietor, in undertaking "The Cabinet Library of Divinity," to effect this important object.' There is a little mystification in this. The important object proposed includes three *desiderata*; cheapness, uniformity of edition, and a judicious selection of the noblest productions. Cheapness is a comparative term; and though these volumes are certainly published at a low price, yet, if the works reprinted are such as can be had in a cheaper form, no benefit is conferred upon the public. Uniformity of size and appearance is a recommendation in respect to the produc-

tions of the same writer, or works connected in series, or belonging to the same class; but, as it is in the power of the binder to convert, at the purchaser's will, a shelf of volumes of various editions, agreeing only in size, into 'a uniform library,' we do not see that much is gained by including in this Cabinet works of which there are already several editions in the market. In order to effect any important object, it is requisite that the noble productions of our theological writers, brought together in this "Library," should be either such as are scarce, and demand to be reprinted, or such as are not to be had detached from the voluminous works of their author, or to be had only in a more expensive form, or such as may at once deserve and stand in need of being particularly recommended to the attention of the Christian public.

Unfortunately, if such a series is undertaken as a trading speculation, there is a temptation to select works of which new editions are the least wanted, because their popularity ensures a competition to supply the constant demand. A new edition of Butler's Analogy was certainly not required; yet, as no library of Divinity would be complete without that volume, we do not find fault with its being selected, more especially as it is introduced to us with a Life of the Author, from the pen of Dr. Croly. But why, in the name of common sense, present to us a new edition of Dr. Watts's Lyrics, edited by Robert Southey, who is not less unfit to be the biographer of Isaac Watts than Dr. Johnson was? We shall not be supposed likely to under-rate either the genius or the merit of the great Reformer of our Psalmody; but we do not scruple to deprecate as injudicious in the extreme, a reprint of all the Lyrics of Dr. Watts, many of them bearing marks of juvenility and the bad taste of the times, and not free from exception in point of religious propriety. There are editions enough extant to supply the demand of the religious public; they are to be found also in Watts's Works, and in all editions of the British Poets; the best of the Lyrics are moreover to be met with in various selections of devotional poetry. What object then can be answered by including them in these Sacred Classics?

Not less superfluous would be a reprint of several other works announced. Surely, there are editions enough of Leighton on Peter, of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, of Doddridge's Evidences of Christianity, &c. If the 'Proprietor' does not wish to be mistaken for a speculating printer, and to have the whole undertaking blown upon as a trick of trade, veiled under a religious pretence, he will be a little cautious how he proceeds to crowd the market with reprints of works already multiplied in all shapes and at all prices.

We have in vain endeavoured to discover upon what principle

the selection is founded. We applaud, as we have already said, the liberal and catholic spirit which is apparent in the disregard of sectarian distinctions. Yet, if no discrimination is shewn, this impartiality may be mistaken for the operation of a mercenary policy. What but a drag-net could bring together Thomas à Kempis and William Romaine, Jeremy Taylor's Sermons and Boston's Fourfold State? To what extent must this Library run out, if formed upon this *omnium-gatherum* principle? Who that ranks Romaine on Faith among the 'noblest productions of Theology,' would care to have in his Library one half of the works enumerated, or would even endure them? On the other hand, what student of Cudworth, and Butler, and Ellis, would thank the Proprietor for a shelf of Scotch divinity? We feel assured that the reverend Editors have not been consulted in the preparation of this heterogeneous catalogue. They must know better than to extend the designation of "Sacred Classics" to all the unclassable and certainly unclassical works included in the enumeration.

Almost the entire value of such a "Library" depends, however, upon this most essential part of an Editor's duty,—the selection of the best works, the 'noblest productions.' Not such as may chance to have gained popularity with a particular class, but such as, from their intrinsic value, deserve to stand high with all classes of intelligent and devout readers. A selection formed upon this principle would comprise many works but little known; and it would demand on the part of the Editor, extensive bibliographical information, as well as a sound judgement and correct taste.

In the preparation of such a series, regard would be had to the proportion which could be allotted to works of the same author, or books of the same class. It would of course be requisite first to determine, whether the Library should extend to fifty, a hundred, or five hundred volumes; and then it would be advisable to consider how many of these should be occupied with 'Sermons of South, Howe, Bull, Fuller, Mede, Hammond, Barrow, Tillotson, Sherlock, Jortin, Farindon, Butler, Horsley, &c. &c.'; to say nothing of others from the 'select works of Jackson, Flavel, Charnock, Wilkins, Chandler, Kidder, Skelton, John Wesley, Watts, &c.' A Cabinet must be very large, that should include an assortment of sermons from all these divines in one of its compartments. If, too, it is to contain works upon ecclesiastical history, such as Cave's "Lives," and Stillingfleet's "*Origines Sacræ*,"—works upon the evidences of Christianity, such as Butler's Analogy, Locke's "Reasonableness of Christianity," &c.,—works of critical exposition and sacred literature, such as Lowth on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, Newton on the Prophecies, Dean Stanhope on the Epis-

bles and Gospels, &c.,—as well as poetry, polemics, and pure ethics; the Editors have a very long job before them, and we wish them well through it.

But the present series has not yet proceeded too far to be rendered conformable to some intelligible selection and arrangement. And we take the liberty of strongly recommending the esteemed Editors, to insist upon having the entire plan submitted to their judgement.

We must say a few words as to the "Christian's Family Library." It commenced admirably well with a History of the Lutheran Reformation (Nos. I. and III.). Calvin and the Swiss Reformation, from the same competent historian of the Church, (No. V.) is another valuable volume. "A Harmony of the Four Gospels, founded on the Arrangement of the *Harmonia Evangelica* of the Rev. Edward Greswell, with the practical Reflections of Dr. Doddridge," (No. IV.) has already received our hearty commendation. It is proposed that about half the series, (which is to extend to about fifty volumes,) shall be occupied with biography and church history, and the other half with works of a practical and devotional character. It is strange that the Biographical series should have begun with Payson's Memoirs, and the Devotional with "Selections from Ambrose Serle"! Nos. VII. and XI. contain the Life of Legh Richmond, and a "Domestic Portraiture," or Memoirs of three deceased children of Mr. Richmond. No. IX. is a 'third edition' of Taylor's Life of Cowper; and No. XII. contains, 'with some retrenchments,' Dean Pearson's Life of Buchanan. Pascal's "Thoughts," and the "Private Thoughts" of Adam of Wintringham, (misprinted Adams in the head-line,) are brought together in No. VIII. Of Pictet's "Theology," which classes under neither Practical nor strictly Devotional works, we gave our opinion in our last Number. The selection is evidently adapted for popularity; but, judging from these specimens, the series promises to consist of some half dozen volumes of original merit, a few useful abridgements and reprints, with an alloy of inferior productions; and certainly will form a very poor succedaneum for a Christian Library.

Art. V. *Philip Van Artevelde*; a dramatic Romance. In two parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq. 2 Vols. fcap. 8vo. Price 10s. London, 1834.

NOT only the form, but the very species of poetry to which this noble production of masculine genius belongs, has long since gone out of fashion in this country. In German literature,

a dramatised romance is no uncommon publication; but in this country, where our dramatists are rarely poets, or our poets dramatists, 'an historical romance cast in a dramatic and rythmical form,' and adapted for the closet, not for the stage, is a species of composition that has rarely been attempted. Southey's epics, which possess much of the dramatic spirit, though not the form, approach the nearest to it. But the stuff and texture of this poem are such as distinguish it, still more than the form, from the slight, gauzy fabrics of the present day. The Author anticipates, that his work may, on this account, occasion disappointment to the admirers of that highly coloured poetry which has been popular in these latter years. In fact, the poetical taste to which those once popular productions gave birth, has in great measure passed away, and been succeeded by a demand for a varied sort of excitement. The following remarks are admirably just, and account, very instructively, for the rapid subsiding of the passion which not long ago the reading world displayed for 'the luxuries of poetry.'

'Writers whose appeal is made so exclusively to the excitabilities of mankind, will not find it possible to work upon them continuously without a diminishing effect. Poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy; but, failing to satisfy the understanding, it will not take permanent possession of the strong-holds of fame.'

Mr. Taylor will be thought to have advanced a startling proposition, though it is a very old truth, that no man can be a very great poet, who is not also a great philosopher. The philosophy which is found in the page of Shakspeare is, indeed, as wonderful as his genius. It is only when the Poet is a teacher, that the intellect recognises the master mind, and yields that homage which is never rendered to the mere artist, although he be the idol of the day. Had Lord Byron united a philosophical intellect to his peculiarly poetical temperament, Mr. Taylor remarks, he would probably have been the greatest poet of his age. As it was, his command over the mechanism of poetry was so much beyond the materials with which he had furnished himself, that the splendour of his genius only serves to shew the poverty and stunted growth of his understanding. There is no moral wealth but truth; and genius without true knowledge lives upon its capital, and comes to intellectual beggary.

In our critiques upon Lord Byron's poetry, at the height of his popularity, we took occasion to point out the absence of any display of that creative imagination which can give to airy nothings a personal subsistence. His poetry is a perpetual monodrama. It is always 'Byron at home;' and the characters are but diversified

personifications of himself. There is little dramatic conception even in his dramas. His portraitures of human character, Mr. Taylor remarks, 'have nothing in them of the mixture and modification,—the composite fabric which Nature has assigned to man. They exhibit passions personified, rather than persons 'impassioned.'

'But,' continues our truly poetical critic, 'there is a yet worse defect in them. Lord Byron's conception of a hero is an evidence, not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great or noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. Strip them of the veil of mystery and the trappings of poetry, resolve them into their plain realities, and they are such beings as, in the eyes of a man of masculine judgment, would certainly excite no sentiment of admiration, even if they did not provoke contempt. When the conduct and feelings attributed to them are reduced into prose, and brought to the test of a rational consideration, they must be perceived to be beings in whom there is no strength, except that of their intensely selfish passions,—in whom all is vanity; their exertions being for vanity under the name of love, or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride. If such beings as these are to be regarded as heroical, where in human nature are we to look for what is low in sentiment, or infirm in character?

'How nobly opposite to Lord Byron's, was Shakspeare's conception of a hero:—

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; aye, in my heart of heart."

'Lord Byron's genius, however, was powerful enough to cast a highly romantic colouring over these puerile creations, and to impart the charms of forcible expression, fervid feeling, beautiful imagery, to thoughts in themselves not more remarkable for novelty than for soundness. The public required nothing more; and if he himself was brought latterly to a sense of his deficiencies of knowledge and general intellectual cultivation, it must have been more by the effect of time in so far maturing his very vigorous understanding, than by any correction from without. No writer of his age has had less of the benefits of adverse criticism. His own judgment, and that of his readers, have been left equally without check or guidance; and the decline in popular estimation which he has suffered for these last few years, may be rather attributed to a satiated appetite on the part of the public, than to a rectified taste: for those who have ceased to admire his poetry so ardently as they did, do not appear in general to have transferred their admiration to any worthier object.

But our readers will begin to be impatient to know what sort of poetry it is, which is thus daringly, though tacitly, offered in

contrast to the poetry of Lord Byron. The Author's ideal standard may be correct, and yet his performance fall very far short of it; although we believe it generally holds good, that correct critical views 'result from composition, rather than direct it,' and that taste is in all cases a modification of genius. The elegant taste which is displayed in the criticism we have transcribed is, however, associated, in the present instance, with a vigorous and well cultivated intellect; and in the execution of the poem, the skill requisite to develop the mind's creation, has waited upon the conception of the fancy. Philip van Artevelde is no shadowy personification, but an historic person, an individualized combination of the real elements of human nature, exhibited in action and in progress. The portrait has even a degree of historic truth, being to a certain extent after Froissart, by whom the story is told on which the romance is founded. The scene is laid in Flanders, at the close of the fourteenth century, when a struggle had commenced between the opulent municipalities and their feudal lords, which led to a protracted and sanguinary warfare, and, as its eventual result, led to the enslavement of the Flemish provinces, and the triumph of republican liberty in the Batavian Netherlands. The tragical death of Launoy, one of the captains of the White Hoods of Ghent, is the immediate cause of the popular choice of Artevelde to be their leader, who had hitherto kept aloof from public life. News of his fate has just been brought to Ghent, when the poem opens; and Artevelde's reflections, vented in conversation with his aged preceptor, prepare us for the opening of his finely drawn character.

' VAN ARTEVELDE. '

' I never looked that he should live so long.
 He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
 He seemed to live by miracle: his food
 Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
 And peril to his body. He was one
 Of many thousand such that die betimes,
 Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
 Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
 And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
 And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
 Who wins the race of glory, but than him
 A thousand men more gloriously endowed
 Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
 Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
 Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
 A smaller tally, of the singular few,
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,
 Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

‘ FATHER JOHN.

‘ Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,
But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.

‘ VAN ARTEVELDE.

‘ They will be dim, and then be bright again.
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion ;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned : a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo !
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.

‘ FATHER JOHN.

‘ The worse for us !
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life !
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all ;
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st.” Vol. I. pp. 40—43.

The scene in which he is persuaded to accept the perilous post
is well managed :—

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ This is a mighty matter, Van den Bosch,
And much to be revolv'd ere it be answered.

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ The people shall elect thee with one voice,
I will ensure the White Hoods, and the rest
Will eagerly accept thy nomination,
So to be rid of some that they like less.

Thy name is honour'd both of rich and poor,
For all are mindful of the glorious rule
Thy father bore, when Flanders, prosperous then,
From end to end obey'd him as one town.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ They may remember it—and Van den Bosch,
May I not too bethink me of the end
To which this people brought my noble father?
They gorged the fruits of his good husbandry,
Till drunk with long prosperity, and blind
With too much fatness, they tore up the root
From which their common weal had sprung and flourished.

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ Nay, Master Philip, let the past be past.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ Here on the doorstep of my father's house
The blood of his they spilt is seen no more.
But when I was a child I saw it there;
For so long as my widow-mother lived
Water came never near the sanguine stain.
She lov'd to show it me, and then with awe,
But hoarding still the purpose of revenge,
I heard the tale—which like a daily prayer
Repeated to a rooted feeling grew—
How long he fought, how falsely came like friends
The villains Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,
All the base murder of the one by many.
Even such a brutal multitude as they
Who slew my father—yea, who slew their own,
(For like one had he ruled the parricides,)
Even such a multitude thou'dst have me govern.

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ Why, what if Jacques Artevelde was killed?
He had his reign, and that for many a year,
And a great glory did he gain thereby.
And as for Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,
Their breath was in their nostrils as was his.
If you be as stout-hearted as your father,
And mindful of the villainous trick they play'd him,
Their hour of reckoning is well nigh come.
Of that, and of this base false-hearted league
They're making with the earl, these two to us
Shall give account.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ They cannot render back
The golden-bowl that's broken at the fountain,

Or mend the wheel that's broken at the cistern,
 Or twist again the silver cord that's loosed.
 Yea, life for life, vile bankrupts as they are,
 Their worthless lives, for his of countless price,
 Is their whole wherewithal to pay their debt.
 Yet retribution is a goodly thing,
 And it were well to wring the payment from them
 Even to the utmost drop of their heart's blood.

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ Then will I call the people to the square,
 And speak for your election.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ Not so fast.

Your vessel, Van den Bosch, hath felt the storm :
 She rolls dismasted in an ugly swell,
 And you would make a jury-mast of me,
 Whereon to spread the tatters of your canvas.
 And what am I?—Why, I am as the oak
 Which stood apart, far down the vale of life,
 Growing retired beneath a quiet sky.
 Wherefore should this be added to the wreck?

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ I pray you, speak it in the Burgher's tongue ;
 I lack the scholarship to talk in tropes.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ The question, to be plain, is briefly this :
 Shall I, who chary of tranquillity,
 Not busy in this factious city's broils,
 Nor frequent in the market-place, eschew'd
 The even battle,—shall I join the rout?

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ Times are sore chang'd I see ; there's none in Ghent
 That answers to the name of Artevelde.
 Thy father did not carp nor question thus
 When Ghent invok'd his aid. The days have been
 When not a citizen drew breath in Ghent
 But freely would have died in Freedom's cause.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ With a good name thou christenest the cause.
 True, to make choice of despots is some freedom,
 The only freedom for this turbulent town,
 Rule her who may. And in my father's time
 We still were independent, if not free ;
 And wealth from independencé, and from wealth
 Enfranchisement will partially proceed.

The cause, I grant thee, Van den Bosch, is good ;
 And were I link'd to earth no otherwise
 But that my whole heart center'd in myself,
 I could have toss'd you this poor life to play with,
 Taking no second thought. But as things are
 I will revolve the matter warily,
 And send thee word betimes of my conclusion.

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ Betimes it must be, for the White Hood chiefs
 Meet two hours hence, and ere we separate
 Our course must be determined.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ In two hours,
 If I be for you, I will send this ring
 In token I have so resolv'd. Farewell.

‘ VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ Philip Van Artevelde, a greater man
 Than ever Ghent beheld we'll make of thee,
 If thou be bold enough to try this venture.
 God give thee heart to do so. Fare thee well.

[Exit VAN DEN BOSCH.

‘ ARTEVELDE (*after a long pause*).

‘ Is it vain glory that thus whispers me
 That 'tis ignoble to have led my life
 In idle meditations—that the times
 Demand me, that they call my father's name?
 Oh! What a fiery heart was his! such souls
 Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
 Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
 A voice that in the distance far away
 Wakens the slumbering ages. Oh! my father;
 Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
 Unto dominion than thy death deters;
 For that reminds me of a debt of blood
 Descended with my patrimony to me,
 Whose paying off would clear my soul's estate.’

Vol. I. pp. 47—53.

In a subsequent scene, Artevelde's energy and firmness of purpose are finely portrayed. His bride has not before learned that he has accepted the call of the White Hoods to be their captain.

‘ ADRIANA.

‘ Alas! and is it come to this!—ah, Philip!

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ This I foresaw, and things have fallen out
 No worse than I forewarned thee that they might.

What must be, must. My course hath been appointed;
 For I feel that within me which accords
 With what I have to do. The field is fair,
 And I have no perplexity or cloud
 Upon my vision. Every thing is clear
 And take this with thee for thy comfort too,—
 That that man is not most in tribulation
 Who walks his own way, resolute of mind,
 With answerable skill to pick his steps.
 Men in their places are the men that stand,
 And I am strong and stable on my legs;
 For though full many a care from this time forth,
 Must harbour in my head, my heart is fresh,
 And there is but this trouble touches it,
 I know not what to do with thee.

‘ADRIANA.

‘With me,
 Say’st thou?—Oh never vex thy heart for that;
 Nor think of me so all unworthily
 As that some chubby merry-making boy
 Were fittest for my mate. Nay, said I not—
 And if I said it not, I say it now,—
 I’ll follow thee through sunshine and through storm.
 I will be with thee in thy weal and woe,
 In thy afflictions, should they fall upon thee,
 In thy temptations when bad men beset thee,
 In all the perils which must now press round thee,
 And, should they crush thee, in the hour of death.
 If thy ambition, late aroused, was that
 Which pushed thee on this perilous adventure,
 Then I will be ambitious too,—if not,
 And it was thy ill fortune drove thee to it,
 Then I will be unfortunate no less.
 I will resemble thee in that and all things
 Wherein a woman may: grave will I be
 And thoughtful, for already is it gone—
 The boon that nature gave me at my birth,
 My own original gaiety of heart.
 All will I part with to partake thy cares,
 Let but thy love be with me to the last.’

pp. 93, 94.

We shall not pursue the argument, but pass over the intervening scenes, to extract the following touching description of the famine prevailing in the city.

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘Look round about upon this once populous town;
 Not one of these innumerable housetops
 But hides some spectral form of misery;
 Some peevish, pining child and doating mother;

Some aged man that in his dotage scolds,
 Not knowing why he hungers ; some cold corse
 That lies unstraightened where the spirit left it.
 Look round, and answer what thy life can be
 To tell upon the balance of such scales.

* * * * *

' ARTEVELDE (*to his sister.*)

' Where hast thou been to day ?

' CLARA.

' It is but little.

I paid a visit first to Ukenheim,
 The man who whilome saved our father's life,
 When certain Clementists and ribald folk
 Assail'd him at Malines. He came last night,
 And said he knew not if we owed him aught,
 But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
 Would pay the debt, and save more lives than one.
 I went. It seem'd a wealthy man's abode ;
 The costly drapery and good house-gear
 Had, in an ordinary time, betokened
 That with the occupant the world went well.
 By a low couch, curtain'd with cloth of frieze,
 Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
 With either bony fist upon his knees,
 And his long back upright. His eyes were fix'd
 And mov'd not, though some gentle words I spake :
 Until a little urchin of a child
 That call'd him father, crept to where he sat
 And pluck'd him by the sleeve, and with its small
 And skinny finger pointed : then he rose,
 And with a low obeisance, and a smile
 That look'd like watery moonlight on his face,
 So weak and pale a smile, he bade me welcome.
 I told him that a lading of wheat-flour
 Was on its way, whereat, to my surprise,
 His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.

' ARTEVELDE.

' Poor soul ! and wherefore ?

' CLARA.

' That I soon perceived.

He pluck'd aside the curtain of the couch,
 And there two children's bodies lay composed.
 They seem'd like twins of some ten years of age,
 And they had died so nearly both together
 He scarce could say which first : and being dead,
 He put them, for some fanciful affection,
 Each with its arm about each other's neck,

So that a fairer sight I had not seen
 Than those two children, with their little faces
 So thin and wan, so calm, and sad, and sweet.
 I look'd upon them long, and for awhile
 I wish'd myself their sister, and to lie
 With them in death as they did with each other ;
 I thought that there was nothing in the world
 I could have lov'd so much ; and then I wept ;
 And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
 And he was sorely shaken and convulsed,
 Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ It was a thousand pities he deferred
 So long to ask our aid.

‘ CLARA.

‘ It was indeed.

‘ But whatsoe’er had been his former pride,
 He seem’d a humble and heart-broken man.
 He thank’d me much for what I said was sent ;
 But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
 He look’d again upon the children’s couch,
 And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
 So, to turn off his eyes,
 I drew the small survivor of the three
 Before him, and he snatched it up, and soon
 Seemed quite forgetful and absorbed. With that
 I stole away.

‘ ARTEVELDE.

‘ There is a man by fate
 Fitted for any enterprize of danger.
 Alas ! of many such I have the choice.
 Well ; next thou passedst to the hospital ?

‘ CLARA.

‘ With Father John ; but here he comes himself,
 No doubt to bring you tidings of the sick.’ pp. 185—188.

In the Second Part, Artevelde is ‘Regent of Flanders’: and the change which has passed upon him is indicated in the following detached passages.

‘ FATHER JOHN.

‘ Might I use

The liberty of former days to one
 That ’s since so much exalted, I would tell
 How it is said abroad that Artevelde
 Is not unaltered since he rose to power ;
 Is not unvisited of worldly pride
 And its attendant passions.

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘Say they so?

Well, if it be so, it is late to mend;
For self-amendment is a work of time,
And business will not wait. Such as I am,
For better or for worse the world must take me,
For I must hasten on. Perhaps the state
And royal splendour I affect, is deemed
A proof of pride,—yet they that these contemn
Know little of the springs that move mankind.
’Tis but a juvenile philosophy
That casts such things aside,
Which, be they in themselves or vile or precious,
Are means to govern. Or I’m deemed morose,
Severe, impatient of what hinders me?
Yet think what manner of men are these I rule;
What patience might have made of them, reflect.
If I be stern or fierce, ’tis from strong need
And strange provocatives. If (which I own not)
I have drunk deeper of ambition’s cup,
Be it remembered that the cup of love
Was wrested from my hand. Enough of this.
Ambition has its uses in the scheme
Of Providence, whose instrument I am
To work some changes in the world, or die.
This hasty coming of the French disturbs me,
And I could wish you gone.’ Vol. II. pp. 40—42.

* * * * *

‘ELENA.

‘On your way hither, then, you passed through Ghent,
The city which you saved. How sweet a pleasure,
Revisiting a place which owes to you
All that it hath of glory or of ease!

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘Verily yes, it should have overjoyed me.
How diverse, how contrarious is man!
I know not wherefore, but I scarce was pleased
To see that town, now wallowing in wealth,
Which last I saw, and saw with hearty courage,
Pinched like a beggar wintering at death’s door.
Now, both the mart was full, and church; road, bridge,
River, and street, were populous and busy,
And money bags were tossed from hand to hand
Of men more thriftless than a miser’s heir.
I liked it not; my task, it seemed, was done;
The arrow sped, the bow unbent, the cord
Soundless and slack. I came away ill pleased.

G G 2

‘ELENA.

‘Perhaps you suffered losses in the siege?

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘Not in the siege: but I have suffered something.
There is a gate in Ghent—I passed beside it—
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,
Which I shall cross no more. But wherefore thus
Divert me from the topics I pursue?
Think once again upon the proffered choice
Of French protection. Though my army wear
This hour an aspect of security,
A battle must be fought ere many days.

‘ELENA.

‘You have been very kind to me, my lord,
And in the bounty of your noble nature,
Despite those ineradicable stains
That streak my life, have used me with respect.
I will not quit your camp,—unless you wish it.

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘Am I in life’s embellishments so rich,
In pleasures so redundant, as to wish
The chiefest one away? No, fairest friend;
Mine eyes have travelled this horizon round,
Ending where they began; and they have roved
The boundless empyrean up and down,
And ’mid the undistinguished tumbling host
Of the black clouds, have lighted on a soft
And solitary spot of azure sky,
Whereon they love to dwell. The clouds close in,
And soon may shut it from my searching sight;
But let me still behold it whilst I may.

‘ELENA.

‘You are so busy all day long, I feared
A woman’s company and trifling talk
Would only importune you.

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘Think not so.

The sweets of converse and society
Are sweetest when they’re snatched; the often-comer,
The boon companion of a thousand feasts,
Whose eye has grown familiar with the fair,
Whose tutored tongue, by practice perfect made,
Is tamely talkative,—he never knows
That truest, rarest light of social joy,
Which gleams upon the man of many cares.

‘ELENA.

‘It is not every one could push aside
A country's weight so lightly.

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘By your leave,
There are but few that on so grave a theme
Continuously could ponder unrelieved.
The heart of man, walk it which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
Or 'mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections—still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.’ Vol. II. pp. 75—79.

Father John's embassy to England proves unsuccessful. Richard temporizes. The shrewd and trusty envoy tells the Regent, that the English nobles, though willing to make use of him, if victory should crown his arms, to encumber France, secretly disliked his cause.

‘Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, Lister, Walker, Ball,
That against servage raised the late revolt,
Were deemed the spawn of your success: last year
Has taught the nobles that their foes at home
Are worthier notice than the French. In truth
They should not be displeased at any ill
That might befall you.

‘ARTEVELDE.

‘Father, so I think.
Lo! with the chivalry of Christendom
I wage my war—no nation for my friend,
Yet in each nation having hosts of friends!
The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords
Are bound with chains of iron, unto me
Are knit by their affections. Be it so.
From kings and nobles will I seek no more
Aid, friendship, nor alliance. With the poor
I make my treaty, and the heart of man
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon's darkness
Through years that knew not change of night and day—
Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,
Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,
Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,—
I hail you my auxiliars and allies,

The only potentates whose help I crave !
 Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw ;
 But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
 That set Jack Straw on fire. The spirit lives ;
 And, as when he of Canterbury fell,
 His seat was filled by some no better clerk,
 So shall John Ball that slew him be replaced :
 And if I live and thrive, these English lords
 Double requital shall be served withal
 For this their double-dealing.' Vol. II. pp. 189—191.

We must make room for the closing scene, which needs neither explanation nor comment.

‘ VAN RYK.

‘ Bring her away. Hark ! hark !

‘ PAGE.

‘ She will not stir.

Either she does not hear me when I speak,
 Or will not seem to hear,

‘ VAN RYK.

‘ Leave her to me,

Fly, if thou lov'st thy life, and make for Ghent.

[*Exit* PAGE.

Madam, arouse yourself ; the French come fast :

Arouse yourself, sweet lady ; fly with me.

I pray you hear : it was his last command

That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olsen.

‘ ELENA.

‘ I cannot go on foot.

‘ VAN RYK.

‘ No, lady, no,

You shall not need ; horses are close at hand.

Let me but take you hence. I pray you come.

‘ ELENA.

‘ Take *him* then too.

‘ VAN RYK.

‘ The enemy is near

In hot pursuit ; we cannot take the body.

‘ ELENA.

‘ The body ! Oh !

‘ *Enter* DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

‘ DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

‘ What hideous cry was that ?

What are ye ? Flemings ? Who art thou, old sir ?

Who she that flung that long funereal note

Into the upper sky ? Speak.

' VAN RYK.

' What I am,
Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day
I could have wished to die ; but what of that ?
For death to be behind-hand but a day
Is but a little grief.

' DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

' Well said, old man.
And who is she ?

' VAN RYK.

' Sir, she is not a Fleming.

Enter THE KING, THE DUKE OF BOURBON, THE EARL OF FLANDERS, SIR FLEUREANT OF HEURLEE, THE CONSTABLE, TRISTRAM OF LESTOVET, THE LORD OF COUCY, and many other Lords and Knights, with Guards and Attendants.

' KING.

' What is your parley, uncle ; who are these ?

' DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

' Your majesty shall ask them that yourself ;
I cannot make them tell.

' KING.

' Come on, come on !
We've sent a hundred men to search the field
For Artevelde's dead body.

SIR FLEUREANT.

' Sire, for that
You shall need seek no further ; there he lies.

' KING.

' What, say you so ? What ! this Van Artevelde ?
God's me ? how sad a sight !

' DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

' But are you sure ?
Lift up his head.

' SIR OLIVER OF CLISSON.

' Sir Fleureant, is it he ?

' SIR FLEUREANT.

Sirs, this is that habiliment of flesh
Which clothed the spirit of Van Artevelde
Some half an hour ago. Between the ribs
You'll find a wound, whereof so much of this
(Drawing his dagger)
As is imbrued with blood, denotes the depth.

' KING.

' Oh me ! how sad and terrible he looks !
He hath a princely countenance. Alas !
I would he might have lived, and taken service
Upon the better side !

We need not tell those readers who can appreciate the poetry which is the analysis and interpretation of nature, that this is poetry of the most genuine quality ; and he who does not feel it to be so, may assure himself that there is something in poetry which he does not understand. The thrilling exclamation of Elena, is a master touch ; and many single lines and passages are marked by an unimprovable felicity which attest the hand of genius. The Author's versification is finely tuned to the old dramatic measure ; and the snatches of songs introduced, as well as more particularly, the lyrical ' Interlude,' shew that he is free of the minstrel's craft. We cannot venture to predict that the present poem will ensure extensive popularity, but Mr. Taylor has achieved that which will not die. Should he succeed in obtaining and fixing the attention and applause of the capricious, volatile public, his will be an enviable and beneficial triumph. But what Wordsworth says of the Poet, is true also of the art and its productions :

—' You must love *it* ere to you
It will seem worthy of your love.'

Some over-sagacious critics have discovered in this Romance a latent political moral, a covert satire on contemporary persons and things, a design deeper than the Author's philosophy. We cannot pretend to equal penetration. We take the moral as we find it on the surface,—the genuine lesson of history. Artevelde is, perhaps, made to tower too far above his times ; and yet he is below the full heroic stature. He is what the Poet designed to make him,—a character of mixed and earthly elements, acting upon events and circumstances which re-act upon the agent, modifying, darkening, tarnishing, the intellectual and moral nature, and leaving, at last, the man how altered from the youth ! Who would be an Artevelde or a Cromwell ? Who would say that, in these circumstances, he would act a better part ? Happy is he who, by a wise choice of circumstances, and possessing the faith that alone can overcome them, can ' keep himself unspotted from the world.'

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